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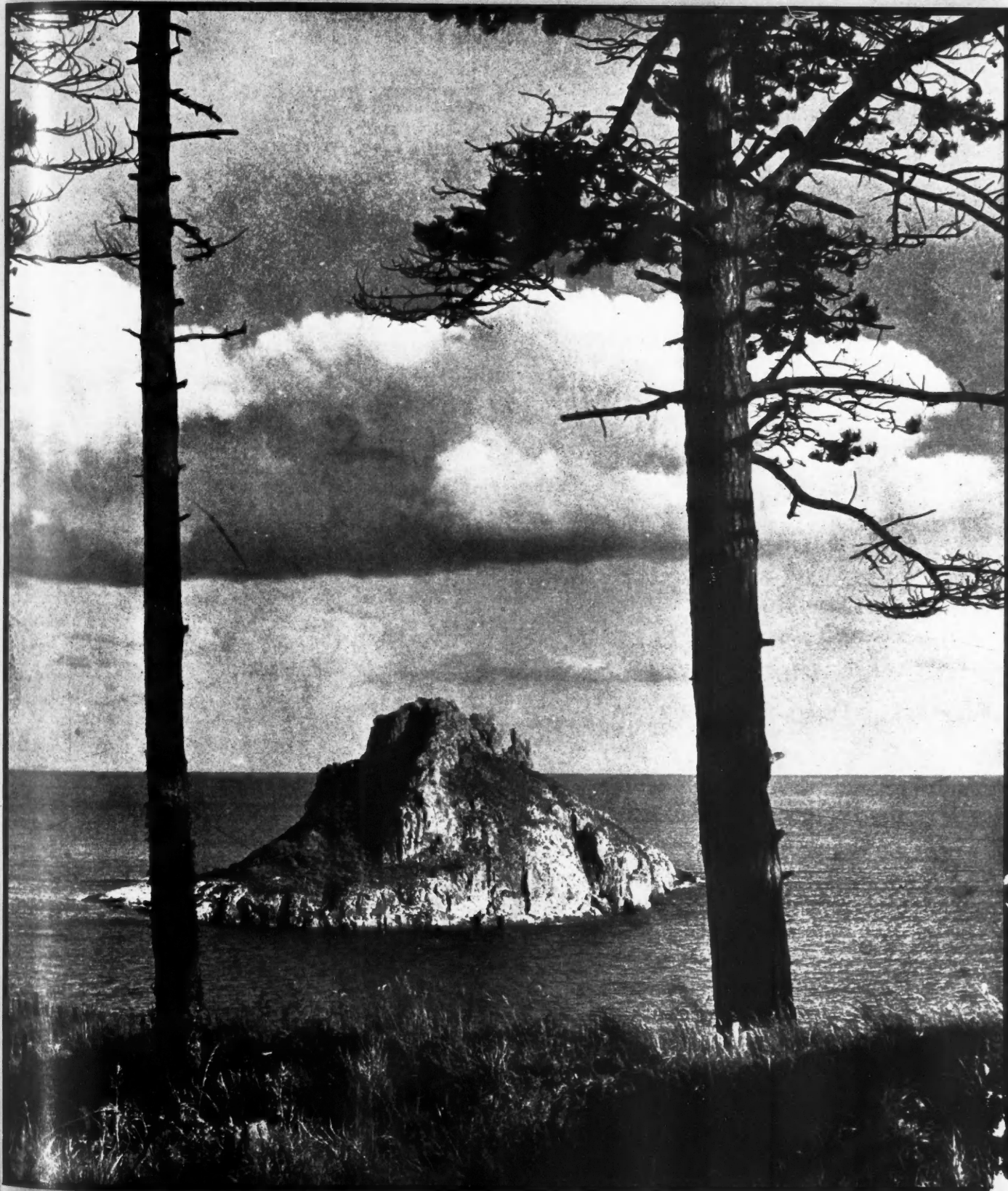
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MAN AND WIFE wanted as Handyman and Cook to take complete charge of delightful Essex farmhouse equipped with every modern convenience. Excellent accommodation is provided, and there would be no objection to one child in the family. This is an ideal situation for a couple seeking a permanent and comfortable home where owners visit only at weekends and on occasional holidays. Highest references necessary. Would be grateful for recommendations to fill this position. Please write in first place to Box 816.

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GUARANTEED Sexed Female Water-gardened Ducklings, 6 weeks, Khaki Campdells and Aylesbury, from Accredited blood-tested pedigree stock. Fullest approval. 15s. delivered.—**SHAMBA FARM**, Abinger, Surrey.

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FARM MANAGER or Assistant with experience wanted on mixed farm, by July for young man (gentleman's son). Practical experience. College Diploma. National Diploma in Agriculture. Successor of Bucks preference. Excellent references.—**Box 769**.

GENTLEMAN, 36, seeks position as manager of large farming estate. Experienced in all branches agriculture; pedigree cattle, modern mechanisation, accounts, etc.—**Box 817**.

WELL-EDUCATED practical Farmer (tenant and owner), with experience in business, social and artistic spheres, offers his services as Estate Agent or Bailiff. Good organizer and public speaker.—**Box 850**.

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"COUNTRY LIFE," 1943, 22 Odd copies; 1944, 33 odd copies; 1945, 14 copies. February 23 missing only. Best offers. Current copies available weekly; 1/3 postage paid.—**A. ARNOLD**, "Radford," Ashurst, Southampton.

OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS ADVERTISING PAGE 842.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2522

MAY 18, 1945



Bertram Park

H.M. THE QUEEN OF YUGOSLAVIA

A new photograph of the Queen of Yugoslavia taken at her English home, Little Manor, Egham, Surrey. Before her marriage to King Peter she was Princess Alexandra of Greece

COUNTRY LIFE

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REFORESTING BRITAIN

FROM time to time every country in turn has realised the danger of denuding its forests. But the measures for re-afforestation that have been taken have, in the majority of instances, been progressively scaled down as the sense of emergency diminished. Now, after another victorious war, Britain sets out again resolved not only to replace the drastic fellings that have had to be made during the past five and a half years but to increase the area of woodland. Speaking on the Government's plan for doing this, Mr. Hudson stated that, following the two wars, we are left with no more than about 1,000,000 acres of woodland, mostly immature or second-rate. It is doubtful whether we could have continued to meet the home supply for another twelve months, at least without felling every tree that on amenity, sylvicultural, or any other grounds should be retained. The position is probably the same all over the world; at least for that greater part of it that has been at war. It is said that the cutting of Douglas fir for 1941 in Canada alone amounted to 5,150,000 Petersburg standards, or 25½ million tons, 4½ million truck loads—a quantity that if sawn into running planks 3 ins. by 11 ins. and placed end to end would encircle the globe 29 times.

The immediate reason for the Government's plan to attach the Forestry Commission to the two Agricultural Ministers (the other is the Secretary for Scotland) is that the programme envisaged exceeds the capacity of the Forestry Commission: a body hitherto lacking ministerial direction or expression. The advantage of a Commission, appointed by the Crown but with only a back-bench member for spokesman (a post admirably filled by Sir George Courthope), was its independence; its weakness was—its weakness. The Royal Forestry Societies have recently made it clear that they do not regard the present chairman and his technical colleagues as well qualified by outlook—or even by experience—to undertake the control and "encouragement" of private woodlands under the dedication scheme. The builders of flourishing State Forests are, in their opinion, by no means necessarily the best "encouragers" of private owners, and wherever the interests of national and privately owned woodlands are likely to conflict it is inadvisable to have the expert State forester in control.

The Commissioners are afraid that the new arrangement may make forest policy subject to political influence, and may set forestry at a disadvantage *vice* agriculture in that, at the highest level, the same Minister is responsible for both. The past record of the Commission is certainly clean of any political taint; but during these war years, hard-pressed private

woodland owners may sometimes have wished that the State forests were not less but more subject to supervision by Parliament. Mr. Hudson strenuously denied that there is any intention of subordinating forestry to agriculture: the Commission will be responsible to the Minister alone. On the face of it, the Commissioners' fears are certainly not borne out by the case of India as described recently in our Correspondence columns by Professor E. P. Stebbing. The private landowner finds no difficulty in co-ordinating the two aspects of his estate. Under the new arrangement Members of Parliament will be removed from the Commission and a new complexion may be given to that body by the appointment to their places of landowners and keen foresters like the earlier chairman of the Commissioners.

VICTORY MARCH

TO R. S., TUNISIA, 1943.

*A SHINING day!
King's weather we in England like to call it.
The shining coats of horses as they pass,
The glint of light from polished metal too,
Bright happy eyes, and those that shine with tears;
Bells ring, bands play, flags float above,
And all is gay, to greet
The men from sea and land and sky
Who in the darkest hours have
Kept their courage high,
Who fought and won—and now
Go marching by.*

*But what of you?
You who once shared with these
The sweat and weariness of War?
Can you not share the glory and the triumph too?
The peace—this peace for which you fought
And gave sweet life?
In your proud strength you cannot walk with them.
Your body lies in a far foreign land,
But you are there, your spirit goes with them.
Yes, you are there!
And I will shout your name
Into the clamorous air.*
A. C.

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

SIR GILES SCOTT'S designs for Coventry Cathedral almost rival Mr. Gerald Kelly's Delhi portraits of the King and Queen as the pictures of the year at the Royal Academy. Incidentally the hanging of the architectural exhibits in conjunction with paintings in the main circuit of the exhibition, instead of tucked away in a cul-de-sac, is an innovation that justifies itself. The new Cathedral plan, as already described by the Provost, will depart from precedent in almost every possible way, including the provision of meeting and service centres in an annexe, a "nave" oriented north and south at right angles to the apse-like transepts and with the altar standing in the middle, and the shell of the old nave reconstructed as a cloister. The exterior, with its central lantern tower, is a modern restatement of Gothic tradition with larger expanses of wall surface and tall narrow windows in the side walls. Inside, however, the break with tradition is at first sight complete, the walls reduced to a height of some 12 feet and the remainder of the height obtained by colossal reinforced concrete groins leaning inwards and rising to a four-centred apex. Reinforced concrete, used for churches by Jeanneret and others in France, as at Le Raincy outside Paris, has not been used before in this essentially Gothic way. Evidently it is sought to obtain the utmost contrast of sombre height with brilliant cross-lighting from the deep-set windows. From the drawing, however, the huge vault-trusses strike one as being exaggeratedly ponderous for any weight they have to bear and as liable to feel oppressive. One wonders whether minimum scantlings as in the spans of cantilevered concrete bridges could not have been used for the vaulting with more of the aspiring lightness of Gothic tradition.

CONSERVATION OF TOP SOIL

THE increase of humus-consciousness due to the spectre of erosion and the labours of Stapledon and Howard, among others in

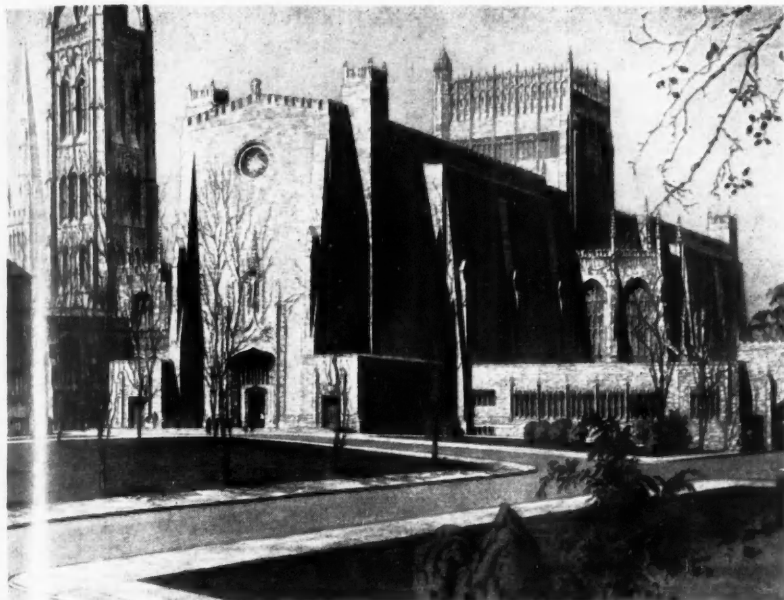
this country, is driving home the realisation that the thin complex layer of fertile earth on the surface of the land is a heritage of the highest value to humanity, in a very real sense national capital. Anybody concerned with growing anything hates the sight of the precious substance being squandered unnecessarily. The Scott Committee's estimate that 100 square miles is lost to agriculture yearly from all causes is bad enough; but the war-time increase in surface mining, involving 125 square miles in one area alone, much of it rendered almost unusable, makes the need for conserving top soil wherever possible a national issue. It is no less important on the less catastrophic scale of ordinary building operations. The Institute of Landscape Gardeners (*Journal*, April) have drawn attention in an excellent report to the frequent avoidable waste, as by clay and gravel excavations and especially builders and road-makers. An instance is given of the top soil from a building site being dumped in a hollow and covered with clay and debris, then when it was required to lay out gardens, nearly the same amount of top soil having to be obtained, so that the cost of making the grounds presentable came to £5,000 instead of £500 which would have sufficed if the original soil had been saved. Reconstruction, with the provision of new gardens and open spaces often on former built-up or devastated areas, will require millions of tons of top soil; similarly allotments and agriculture on poor land could greatly benefit from additional soil. If it is readily available from road or building sites on better land in reasonable proximity, much time and money, and national capital, will be saved. There is a good case for Regional or County Authorities opening a bureau to register and dispose of top soil as made available or required.

A SIGN AT LORD'S

THE first day's cricket at Lord's was drowned out by unseasonable rain. There was no chance even of the men in white coats going out to look hopefully at the pitch. But even in that there was consolation. A bold statement to that effect was permissible. There was no need for those who went there to record the game to have to rack their brains for some method at once discreet and facetious of explaining why it was not played. It is one of the distinctly minor but still considerable comforts that the end of the war has brought us that if it now rains like the deuce we can say so in so many words. Those who braved the weather and went to Lord's had another source of happiness besides that of meeting old friends. They saw once more in its old place in the long room the picture of the greatest of all cricketers, his red and yellow cap on his head, his left toe cocked, defiantly facing the bowler. No matter how hard it rained here was a great sign, a metaphorical rainbow. Cricket having nobly kept its end up and defied the foe for five long years was once more coming free and untrammelled, into its ancient kingdom.

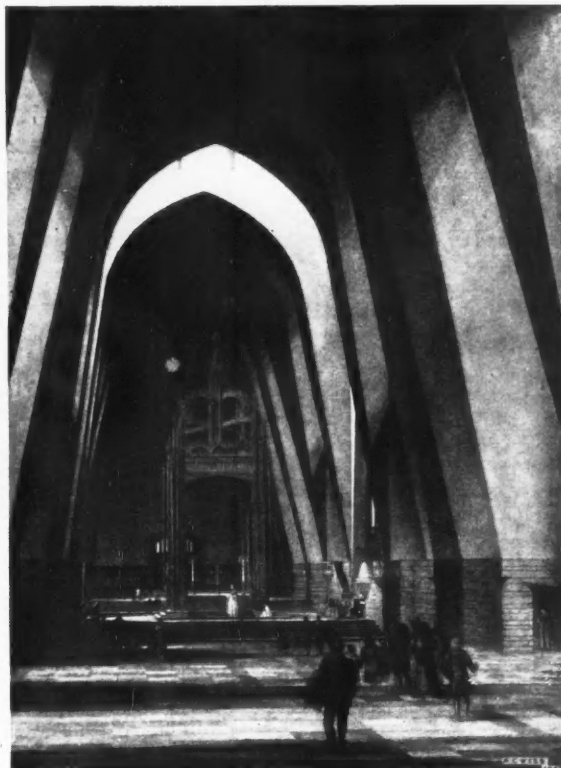
DISTANT VOICES

WE have absorbed into our language with more or less of comfort such words as "restorium" and "happidrome" and so only the very precise can object to the latest of this bastard crew—"voicegraph." Moreover the word is not very engaging the thing itself is excellent and will enable those at home to hear the voices of their menkind overseas from whom they have been so long parted. A voicegraph is a spoken message recorded on a special disc supplied by the War Office and sent home in a thick envelope by air mail, with a special needle included. The two sides can record between them about 170 words, which allows for a reasonable amount of reasonably compressed eloquence. The speaker if he is well advised will write out his remarks beforehand or at any rate rehearse what he has to say. Otherwise he may find himself struck dumb at the important moment or only able to ask a series of questions to which he cannot get the answers. To be sure his audience will not be in a critical mood. Take care of the sound and the sense will take care of itself.



ST. GILES GILBERT SCOTT'S DESIGN FOR THE REBUILDING OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

The new Cathedral is to be built north to south with a central lantern tower occupying the position of the choir in the old Cathedral, with the central altar under the tower. (Left) The south end, with the old spire on the left and apse on the right; between the spire and the new Cathedral a cloister is to be formed from the ruins of the old nave.



(Right) The interior, looking north, showing the reinforced concrete construction. Drawings by Mr. A. C. Webb shown at the Royal Academy.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

ONE of the questions asked of the Brains Trust at a recent sitting was whether Nature ever made mistakes, and a member, whose extreme delicacy prevented him mentioning such vulgar things by name, suggested that certain insects—presumably fleas, lice and bugs—served no useful purpose, and might therefore be classed as coming under the heading of a mistake. The answer to this was to the effect that Nature was not aiming at the well-being of any particular form of life, but was solely concerned with the continuity of every species on the principle of the survival of the fittest. In other words, Nature does not consider mankind to be such a magnificent and desirable achievement, and sees no reason why she should organise the world to make things easy for the race; and in the light of recent events who is prepared to disagree?

On the principle of the survival of the fittest it might be argued that fleas, lice and bugs play their part, as they teach cleanliness with the resulting good health, for fleas carry the microbes of plague and lice those of typhus, and readers, who have had to sleep in bug-ridden Eastern rest-houses, will agree that this insect's ordinary night-shift is of such magnitude that there is no need for him to carry anything.

* * *

IT is my personal contact with all these insects which has so dulled my sense of delicacy that I have no shame in mentioning any or all of them by name. In discussions of this description everything depends entirely on the personal point of view of the assembly: a Brains Trust of criminals, for instance, might reasonably consider the police a mistake; farmers would probably be unanimous in selecting the wireworm; while the wireworms themselves would no doubt put farmers with their ploughs at the top of the list, with green plovers and wagtails bracketed second.

* * *

MAKING the fullest allowance for Nature's endeavour to maintain a fair balance, and do her best for everything, it is difficult to

explain away the anopheles mosquito, and the accident or mischance by which he carries the germ of malaria to the fit and unfit, to the clean and the unclean, thus making certain fruitful parts of the earth practically uninhabitable. It is said among other things that mosquito-carried malaria was mainly responsible for the degeneracy of the Romans, which led to the break-up of the Roman Empire. When one looks at the matter from the mosquito's point of view, which is essential in an argument of this description, one gathers that he can enjoy himself sucking human blood and propagating his species quite successfully without the concomitant malaria germ, which inadvertently he carries with him after biting an infected victim. It is not his desire to carry the disease, nor is it in any way necessary to his mode of life, and therefore over this matter it does look as if Nature has made a mistake, and might be accused without exaggeration of what we have learned in the war years now past to call bad staff work.

* * *

ALTHOUGH I have been chief engineer in charge of a private electric lighting set for some nine years everything connected with electricity remains much of a mystery to me. I can just understand the meaning of the word volt, and am willing to believe that each storage cell, when fully charged, has two of these mysterious units floating in its acid or attached to its plates, but I have never been very clear in my mind as to where wattage and amperage come in, though these have been most carefully explained to me by experts, who call these potent forces familiarly, but by no means contemptuously, by their abbreviations "watts" and "amps."

When for the first time I came to close quarters with a strand of electrified cattle-wire along the banks of a chalk stream this Spring,

and read the warning red label at the foot-bridge, I treated the wire with the greatest respect so that even Agag might have learnt something from my wary progress up stream. Feeding in the field confined by the wire was a herd of some thirty six-month-old calves, which seemed blissfully unaware of the shock threatening them to the north of their pasture. Then in the field on the opposite bank, which was presumably laid down for an early crop of hay, I noticed two calves, which obviously belonged to the big herd, and were having a glorious feed on much richer herbage than their colleagues enjoyed; and I wondered how they had got there.

* * *

IN accordance with time-honoured custom, which dates back to the days before the use of electricity became general, these two calves waded through the best run of the river immediately they saw me drying my fly for a cast, and as they emerged from the water on the near bank I waited to see their reaction to the charged wire. One of them—a half-bred Guernsey—squirmed under the strand with the wire scraping its back, while the other—a heavy-coated Shorthorn of sorts—rubbed itself up and down the obstruction with every sign of pleasure, until tiring of the friction it also pushed its way beneath to the field beyond.

It seemed perfectly obvious to me that the fearsome electrified wire was at the moment suffering from one of the various complaints that affect my private set, and that the voltage was either so extremely low as to be useless, or that there was one of those queer shorts which can never be explained. In any case there was obviously no need to worry about making contact with the wire, but later when I put my hand on it to test it I received a shock which ran up my arm, applied friction to my scalp, and then travelled down the other side of my body to the ground. I am still wondering whether the farmer connected up the wire with the battery after the passage of the calves, or whether these small animals had discovered that electricity was a cure for rheumatism, and took a course of this treatment every morning of their lives.

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US

THE return of peace will bring with it many changes in the face of Britain. Industrial expansion there must be if we are to hold our own in the world's markets, and with expansion must come redistribution, much rebuilding, and extensive adaptations to a new way of life.

The present series of articles sets out to review the prospect before us. It will indicate on the one hand the technical and social changes that seem to be imminent, and on the other the nature of the scenery, in country and town, that we may hope will result, embodying all that is good in the old landscape, but revitalising the country with the new equipment essential to its survival. The scope and effectiveness, for this task, of existing planning legislation will be examined, with particular reference to the part that can be taken by private persons and local bodies. These articles, in fact, aim at finding the answers to the following questions:—

Can the traditional character of the national scenery be maintained alongside intensification of industry?

Is some degree of unsightliness inevitable, or is ugliness primarily another aspect of inefficiency, and so capable of elimination?

Are the needs of housing, recreation, agriculture, and transport, mutually reconcilable, and reconcilable to the town and country scenery of Britain as we know it?

In towns where reconstruction of war damage is involved, and similarly in towns where only normal development is to be anticipated, need the claims of housing, commerce, and industry conflict with traditional amenity? If not, by what practical means are they best co-ordinated?

I—THE CREATION AND DECLINE OF THE ENGLISH SCENE — By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

WHEN the pall of smoke and rubble-dust clears from shattered Europe, a new landscape will come into being, with a different pattern and different cities corresponding to altered economic, industrial, and political foundations. How will the common scene in Britain change? Change it will, although physical destruction here has been confined to portions of certain cities and towns. The visible aspect of country or city is the reflection of society and economics, and the old framework of these has been wrenched to a different shape; the use of considerable areas of land has already been transformed; and the barriers of space have been yet further reduced.

But of more far-reaching consequence than the war, on the appearance of town and country, is likely to be the intensification of national output by more scientific utilisation of our resources. Britain is committed to an expansionist programme in industry, primarily for export, fundamentally to support the enhanced national standard of living. The key to this stepping-up process must be increased industrial efficiency. This will involve the reconstruction of obsolete plant, ranging from individual machines to whole areas of old-established industry, and from the tapping of new sources of power to reconstruction of the transport system. In fact, we are on the threshold of a far-reaching Technical Revolution, the effect of which, on the appearance of town and country, as on our way of life, is likely to be as profound as that of the Industrial Revolution, during and after the Napoleonic War.

In this Technical Age now dawning, will it be possible to maintain the traditional character of British scenery? Its small-scale varying countryside and towns of individual character, its yet noble prospects of coast and mountain and valley are our home—the history of England materialised as expressions of the English spirit of a value to us in these changing times out of all proportion to the landscape's compact scale. In the effort of this small, densely-populated island to survive as a Great Power in the new world of super States, must we be resigned to throw into the melting-pot the areas of country and the historic towns spared by the Industrial Revolution, and to cash the accumulated beauty of centuries for technical and social betterment?

The most disturbing feature in the prospect is the physical size of the undertakings involved by the impending Technical Revolution. The replanning schemes of the greater cities each cover hundreds of square miles, in many cases foreshadowing a considerable re-location of industries and the building of new satellite towns; the generation and distribution of power may involve transforming natural features, and the erection of structures liable to dwarf the work of nature and man alike; the needs of transport in roads and aerodromes impose a bigger scale than the traditional pattern of the landscape; and in the field of leisure the very number of persons requiring recreation sets a problem in itself. In towns there is a danger that pressure for commercial recovery may outweigh the non-commercial claims of

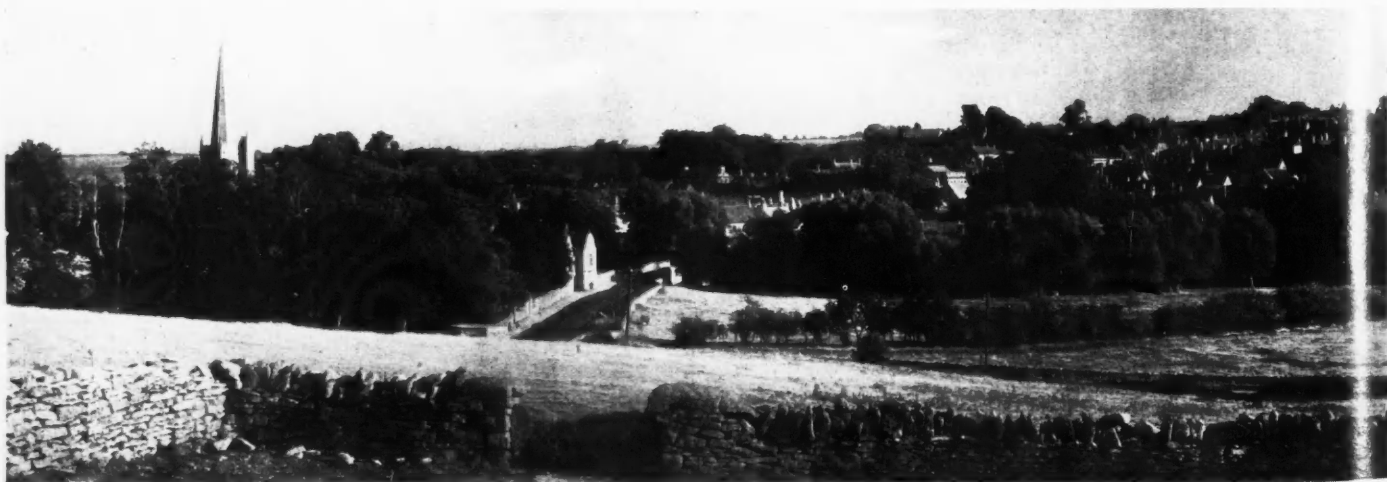
architectural seemliness, public amenity, and historic character.

On the other hand, besides the Town and Country Planning Acts, and the more far-reaching controls still under discussion, two powerful factors not previously operative to the same extent are capable of greatly restricting the damage to scenery, even of benefiting it in some respects. The war-time liquidation of national investments abroad will tend to necessitate the maintenance of a healthy agriculture, and so to counteract the demand on land for industrial and allied purposes, ensuring the land and its cultivators being in better heart than during the past thirty years. And the advances in scientific technique, if directed by wise planning and conscious design, can render industrialisation much less destructive of landscape amenity than it has been in the past. Smoke abatement, substitution of electrical power for coal, modern standards of works design and housing layout, are a hopeful insurance against the repetition of anything like the squalor produced by the first industrial age. Many black spots may, indeed, be cleaned up in the drive for improved efficiency and living conditions.

Before examining possible lines of advance, and how former methods should be adjusted or followed, it is necessary to glance at the background; to understand how the town and country scene were brought into existence. Much of the seemingly wanton destruction of town and country in the past has been due to ignorance and indifference; ignorance of the historical fact that the countryside did not just grow but was consciously created, and indifference to the aspect in it of some not necessarily discordant new feature, be it a gasometer, cooling tower, or housing estate.

The English Arcady

THE English landscape is the greatest national contribution to European art; folk art, if that term is preferred, but a manifestation of folk art on an immense scale. It is sometimes lamented that Britain is deficient in folk arts such as delight amateurs of gay textiles, painted carts and ritual dances in unindustrialised Europe. Yet all the time there has been the English countryside, with its traditions of planting, building, forestry and husbandry, and with its modern derivative, gardening, transforming every raw suburb into a garden city. Like other folk arts, that of landscape has a utilitarian, or at least a practical basis, and incorporates the art forms of the period of its conscious development. The English folk-landscape is partly the product of climate and geology, partly of social evolution and systems of husbandry, but also of a conscious artistry brought to bear at a crucial phase in its development. The result is something



TRADITIONAL ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

Town and country consorting in a relationship in which art and use are spontaneously combined. Burford, Oxfordshire

unique to England, a visual expression of the national way of life and national ideals in the shaping of the entire land-surface as a continuous work of art.

Our landscape as we know it is from two to three hundred years old—roughly the age of an elm tree—and is the product of enclosed farming. The feudal landscape had much in common with the open agricultural scenery of Northern Europe, though parts of England were enclosed from earliest recorded times, for instance Kent, and much enclosure was effected in the late Middle Ages and Tudor times. The enclosing of compact farms and fields, with hedgerow timber for incidental profit, began the transformation from "champion" to "woodland" landscape, as the two types were called. The first general impulse to large-scale replanting of woods followed the progressive consumption of aboriginal timber supplies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for iron furnaces, ship and house building, and the wholesale fellings of woodland to pay the fines on Royalist landowners after the Civil War. The concern of the Royal Society after the Restoration for intelligent replanting led to the production of the first best-seller among books on forestry, Evelyn's *Sylva* (1664), which, though primarily practical and economic in its intention, exhorted "noble persons to adorn their goodly mansions and demenses with trees of venerable shade." From then onwards till well into the nineteenth century—indeed till the present day on estates sufficiently well established for a sense of continuity to be maintained in the face of growing disruption—the personal management of family properties, and the personal interest of squires in their woodlands and incidental sport, have been mainly responsible for the creating and maintaining of a countryside in which utility and beauty are combined. The vitality of the English landscape through three centuries owes much to the tradition initiated by Evelyn and the early scientists.

Early in the eighteenth century two potent influences supplemented it. The advances in agricultural science—the principles of alternate husbandry and the possibilities of stock breeding—led to much reclamation of waste land, some of it admittedly common, and to large-scale enclosures. At the same time the widening cultural horizon of the land interest, as a result of foreign travel and increasing appreciation of the fine arts, introduced a definite aesthetic aim into the process of improving their estates. The aim was the creation of "the picturesque": scenery having the qualities of landscape pictures. On such domains as Holkham (Norfolk), Arundel and Goodwood (Sussex), and Brocklesby (Lincolnshire), the two processes were combined, and during the course of the eighteenth



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARCADY. Classic architecture set in landscape moulded to conform with a pictorial ideal. Goodwood, Sussex

century the artistic impulse developed into a widespread cult of scenery. The appearance of the country became associated not only with landscape painting but with literary and poetic sentiment and the nobler emotions. People modelled the land under their direct control into landscaped parks, and began to consider the effect in the more distant prospect of their utilitarian enclosures and forestry plantations. When the continental aristocracy were raising vast and decadent rococo palaces, that of England were modelling their farms and woodlands into an Arcadia of beauty and utility. The professional landscape practitioners arose to minister to this new art, the best known being Capability Brown and Repton, and the dilettanti authors, Sir Uvedale Price and Payne Knight. Their reigns, and those of their disciples, spanned the years 1730-1830. The present appearance of tens of thousands of acres about the country is directly due to these men, and to hundreds of country gentlemen, with their bailiffs, foresters and tenants, who had absorbed the theory of the picturesque, and employed their daily rides about their estates, and afternoon picnics with their ladies, to consideration of the niceties of pictorial composition in the felling or planting of trees, the siting of buildings—sometimes their rebuilt seats or whole villages—and the concealing or adorning of the new turnpike roads. Not a few squires habitually carried a pocketful of acorns to stick in hedgerows and a bill-hook to shape or lop

saplings. The thriving countryside was in fact gardened over its whole extent.

The Country Town

IN architecture, an inherited instinct for right building was regulated by building science, which still used the classical language of the Orders. Their scale of proportions permeated the applied arts, just as rural economy, stimulated by agricultural science, was influenced, as we have seen, by landscape painting, as regards its resulting appearance. The rebuilding, or extension, of the towns was undertaken mainly by local builders, whose fathers may have worked under Wren on rebuilding London, under Wood at Bath or Carr in York, using pattern books giving the classical scales of proportions for façades, doors, windows, etc., and details for mouldings, cornices and internal fittings. Thus arose not only a vernacular architecture, but a folk art of town planning, analogous to the folk art of landscape evolved by combining estate management with enjoyment of painting. But it is significant that individual liberty was never regimented; instead, builders evinced the national talent for turning contrasts, compromises and irregularities to aesthetic effect, thus producing an urban classic "picturesque" as effective as the landscaped countryside.

Not the least far-reaching result of this combination of beauty and utility, art with science, was its effect on general taste. It is difficult for us to conceive a time

when there was nothing ugly to be seen in town or country. But that was the case in 18th-century England. A high degree of elegance was taken for granted in building and craftsmanship, by those with pretensions to gentility. Especially the inspection and criticism of rural improvements was a fashionable occupation. To have a taste in landscape was expected of an educated man—or woman, according to Jane Austen. This visual awareness, this widespread culture of the eye, is perhaps our greatest loss, in one sense, since the eighteenth century. Yet it still persists among the more conservative elements of the nation, and is seen in the nation-wide addiction to gardening. Re-education of this visual sensitiveness, and its application to scientific town and country planning is perhaps the most essential process

*Interesting evidence of the value of lop and top from hedgerow timber, and of the method of forming various kinds of hedges, is contained in a rare little book, *Treatise on Raising Fores, Trees*, by the Earl of Haddington, written about 1730, for the loan of a copy of which I am indebted to Sir John Stirling Maxwell.



EARLY INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE: 1839

The first railways approaching London before the suburbs were built. Guildhall Art Gallery



A GEORGIAN TOWN

Classic standards permeated an otherwise common-sense architecture, endowing it with good manners. Farnham, Surrey

in the shaping of the landscape of the new England.

The Nineteenth Century

HOW is the disastrous change from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century's handling of town and country to be accounted for? Within a generation—between 1830 and 1860—unerring rightness seems to have been succeeded by wrongness relieved only by indifference. The perfect balancing of art and science was destroyed. No single cause can be isolated from the moral, material, and social complex that transformed England between the French Revolution and the Great Exhibition. The industrial revolution from inherited craftsmanship to machine production, from man and horse power to steam, was a less potent cause than its coarsening effect on social morality and aesthetics. Art failed completely to keep pace with science. Broadly speaking the transformation scene exactly reflected the change from a society balanced by a humanist philosophy to one increasingly mechanical and economic in its foundation.

So long as the machines were directed by men schooled in the classic code, design was not sensibly inferior; the earliest mills and railway structures were often fine architecture. In industry quantitative production was increasingly necessitated by the vast sudden expansion in home population and foreign trade. The fall in the value of money during and after the Napoleonic Wars particularly affected the landowner class, dependent on fixed rentals, leaving little money for non-essential improvements and leading to a more commercial attitude in estate management, in some cases to speculations in land values. So aristocratic standards went the same way as paternal responsibility, whether for folk or land, in face of the "unimpeded operation of economic law." Rousseau's ideal of the emancipation of individual reason from the shackles of custom and superstition became Bentham's "enlightened self-interest," the survival of the fittest, the enthronement of *laissez-faire*.

Art, from having been a natural expression of current social and intellectual idealism, became something exotic, escapist, when comfort and respectability seemed the loftiest aims visible above the morass of materialism that floated on a flood of black poverty and disease. The classic code, tainted by the failure of humanism, was castigated by Pugin in his *Contrasts* (to our disillusioned eyes his Georgian "horrors" contrast favourably with his Gothic paragons!). And Ruskin, high priest of the new aesthetic escapism, enunciated the fallacy that "moun-

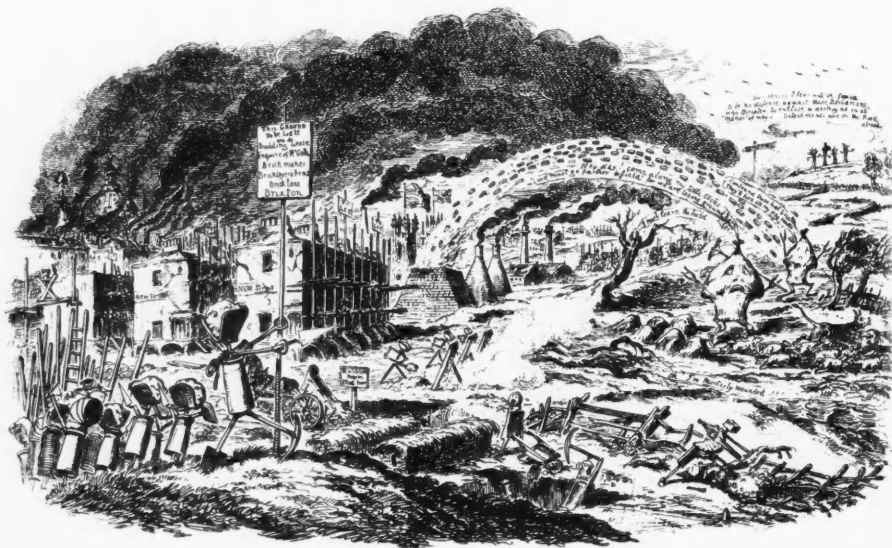
tains are the beginning and the end of scenery." "Escape," cried the aesthetes, "from the sordid cities and dull plains to the high places of the holy past."

By the end of the nineteenth century the devitalised countryside was economically dependant on the overgrown town, and would have been at the mercy of urban materialism but for the persistence, in the countryman, of an antiquated relic of the humanist past. Relatively uncontaminated by the selfishness of the cities, he inherited a tradition of the partnership of use and beauty in relation to the land, and it was due to his conservatism that so much of the English Arcady survived. It found a militant expression in William Morris's romantic Socialism, and practical application in his theory that buildings should appear to grow out of their settings, instead of being insensitively imposed upon them. In gardening, too, when the surfeit of horticultural novelties had at length been digested, William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll revived, with greater technical skill if on a smaller scale, the visual conceptions of the 18th-century landscapers. Deriving from Norman Shaw and Morris, and applying some of these notions to the almost extinct art of town planning, the

conception of garden suburbs and garden cities was evolved—the first of them was Bedford Park in the 'seventies.

The low-density zoning of the garden suburb inspired the Housing and Town Planning Acts of the twentieth century up till the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932, in which year some 4,586,000 acres had been zoned for housing, which, at twelve houses to the acre, was capable of accommodating a population of 183,000,000, more than four times the population of the whole country! Since then the absurdity of this hypothetical method of planning has combined with the recognition of its social and agricultural implications to lead most planners to adopt the principle, expressed in the Scott Report, that new communities and extensions to old ones should so far follow tradition as to be compactly knit, set in a green belt, and be so sited as to avoid good agricultural land, rather than to be dispersed sporadically at low density. This important alteration in policy has led to the acceptance of the principle of soil-survey as a preliminary to planning schemes, and has been adopted in such recent projects as the Plymouth and Greater London plans. The latter, in the careful consideration given to agricultural and scenic factors when siting proposed satellite towns, constitutes a great advance towards balanced town and country planning. In theory at least it opens the way to recapturing the Georgian balance of art and use: to the urbane design of towns, and to the proper use of a safeguarded countryside.

But this hopeful framework to the immense undertakings projected after the war is as yet, so to speak, fluid. How little strength it has was suggested by its complete ignoring by the Treasury's Requisitioned Lands Bill, a measure that reverted unashamedly to the 19th-century conception of land and land use as unquestionably subordinate to financial interest. Again, the proposals for cooling towers at Lincoln and Durham showed utter callousness to every interest other than the technical process of providing these towns with electricity. At the other end of the picture there is the questionable right of individuals, *en masse*, to seek escape from "bureaucratic controls" by erecting semi-permanent holiday shacks in districts of natural, and national, beauty, irrespective of their leprous effect upon the scene. Similarly where war damage or changed conditions are involving extensive reconstruction of old built-up areas, there often seems to be no general agreement on the character and appearance that it is desired to produce in the new town, or on the precedence that should be accorded in the reconstruction to civic and amenity requirements on the one hand,



LONDON going out of Town. — or — The March of Bricks & Mortar! —

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

A contemporary view of the "march of bricks and mortar"

and to commercial or industrial demands on the other.

A New Humanism

IN each of these issues a sense of proportion, an accepted scale of values as between economic, social, aesthetic and scientific factors, is the faculty required. It involves perception of beauty in existing scenes, and a capacity to visualise the effect on them of a proposed alteration. To this end, that system of irregular, accidental, "picturesque" disposition, with its use of contrast and atmosphere, which underlies the characteristic town and country design of the eighteenth century, is worth further study, supplemented by exercising the eye in appreciating pictorial design in both old and modern paintings. We need, too, a

philosophy akin to the humanism of the eighteenth century that assigned a predominant interest to the general, not only to the material, well-being of man. The re-marriage is involved of the arts with the sciences in a union symbolised by such a figure as Christopher Wren and the founders of the Royal Society, to whom the divorce of science from art that occurred in the nineteenth century would have appeared monstrous; and consequently a readiness to review scientific methods, with research into the possibility of modifying engineering and industrial processes conflicting with humane standards. The trend of recent legislation, and still more of civilised thought, testifies to a general desire for this re-union of art and use. But democracy has still to prove itself capable of the self-discipline and

idealism required to undertake country planning and town building such as the eighteenth century, with its firm grasp of humane values, discharged with such outstanding success.

To attain this balanced development it is helpful to look at those great works of English folk art, our countryside and Georgian towns, with eyes enlightened by some knowledge of how they were made—as has been very briefly indicated in this article,—not in order to reproduce their components in modern imitations, but as education of eye and mind in the character of traditional England, noting its human scale and the neighbourliness of its buildings, in order to preserve it and re-create it in the relationships of our modern structures to the countryside of the future.

THE CAMP BUZZARD

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

EVEN in Wales it is not a normal sight to see a buzzard sitting contentedly on the roof of a house. He was so sure of himself too and looked down at us below on the steps of the Officers' Mess, much as an old lady might look down from her window to size up the callers before going down to receive them. Later, Major Ormiston told me how he had named it.

The buzzard had been found by some of his men when they were on exercise. They had taken a great fancy to him and christened him Buzzbomb, but he was not happy in the disused larder at the cookhouse where they tried to keep him and where he fell into a tub of water; so Major Ormiston took him off to his bedroom. Here he made a nest in an upturned tea-chest, so placed that the bird could see out over the Welsh hills.

It was difficult to estimate the bird's age, but he appeared to be about six weeks old; his feathers were growing, but the crown of his head was still covered with down. From the beginning he took a keen interest in anyone who came into the room and enjoyed being talked to, but, although he was free to move about, he seldom left the nest. Meals consisted of raw meat given bit by bit, which he bolted with great excitement, calling softly all the time for more. Like any other young thing, he closed his eyes at once after a meal and slept. He never fouled his nest.

By the end of the first week Buzzbomb was getting very tame and would nibble his master's fingers and cock his head engagingly from side to side when spoken to. One afternoon he had a fine time tearing up a letter into minute pieces. After a few days he learned to flounder on to the window sill, where he would sit with his keen grey eyes darting about watching the

sparrows on the gutter, or the swifts sweeping low over the garden. Next Major Ormiston tried giving him dead sparrows and found that they were very much to his taste, although the effort required to tear them to pieces often caused the bird to topple over backwards in a most ignominious fashion.

At the end of this first week too, Buzzbomb began wing exercises. These he took very seriously! He stood on tip toe and while jumping violently up and down flapped his wings horizontally (not vertically) like someone throwing a large bath towel round the shoulders. These exercises continued for three or four days until one evening as Major Ormiston came down the drive towards the Mess, he suddenly saw Buzzbomb gliding down towards him from the bedroom window. The bird had apparently heard his voice and was coming to meet him, but at the last moment swung up and landed in a monkey-puzzle that grew beside the drive. When he landed on his new perch, he gave three proper buzzard calls for the first time.

That evening he would not feed and the next day he was nowhere to be found, but by lunch time on the following day a dejected and disillusioned little buzzard had arrived back in the monkey-puzzle. He had learned his lesson, for from then onwards he came every day for food. The same branch of the monkey-puzzle was always used for feeding, and as soon as the bird heard the Mess sergeant crossing the gravel with the ladder, he would appear from nowhere, alight on the branch and sidle to within two or three inches of Major Ormiston, already himself sitting on a bough.

Buzzbomb always mewed gently when hungry, but when he took the proffered food he made a noise like an express train dashing into a tunnel with the whistle blowing! And always, when he swallowed, a membrane like a third eyelid would close over his eyes. Besides bits of raw meat and sparrows, he enjoyed rabbits, a young rat, a chub, and once a 2 ft. 6 in. grass snake.



HE ALWAYS CAME TO THE MONKEY-PUZZLE TREE TO FEED

This last had to be cut up, as the bird was rather overawed by its length. The rat was apparently a great delicacy, for Buzzbomb's eyes lit up at the sight of it and he tried to fly off with it, but it proved to be too heavy. Finally it was put on top of a post in the park. The next day, the rat skin was still there, but the head was gone and most of the inside had been neatly picked out.

After feeding, Buzzbomb used to clean first his claws and then his beak, the latter by tugging at and nipping off the ends of the monkey-puzzle spikes. This presumably cleaned the inside of his beak; then he would polish up the outside against a branch of the tree with a movement similar to that with which one hones a scythe.

Although, as he grew up, he continued to be bold and tame when fed, he soon refused to be touched or stroked and his flights became longer until he might be seen as much as four hundred yards from the Mess. One of his favourite resting-places was the cricket pitch in the park, where he would sit right down, pressed against the earth, with his wings half spread. At other times he would sit on the tin roof of the batmen's Nissen hut, presumably because of the warmth that radiated from the metal. When the wireless was on below, he would turn his head intelligently this way and that, listening. At all times, he sat very erect, with his chin tucked in, contemplating the world with great sagacity.

He was last seen on the day of the regimental sports. It was a sunny, windy day and during the afternoon Buzzbomb gave a fine display of aerobatics to the assembled crowd. In the evening, when all was quiet, his master saw him again for a few minutes, but that was the last time he came and a few days later the Regiment moved to another camp.



BUZZBOMB BEGAN VERY SERIOUS EXERCISES, JUMPING VIOLENTLY AND FLAPPING HIS WINGS HORIZONTALLY

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

TIP-UP TABLES

FOLLOWING a Collector's Question of December 1, 1944, and Mr. R. W. Symonds's remarks of March 9, on the maker of the particular type of table described, Mr. Ralph Edwards writes:—

I am at the moment unable to lay my hands on the reference, but some years before the war Dr. Hans Huth, a well-known authority on German and Dutch furniture, published an illustrated article on these tip-up tables inlaid with bone and mother-of-pearl, and attributed the whole group to the workshop of Abraham, father of David Roentgen, the celebrated *maitre-ébéniste*. Abraham served his apprenticeship at Neuwied, near Coblenz, and subsequently spent some years in England, where he joined the sect of the Moravians. David Roentgen (who styles himself on his trade-card *Englischer Kabinettmacher*) based some of his models on the engraved designs in the *Director*, which his father had brought back with him from England. In his book *Abraham und David Roentgen und Iffre Neuwieder Möbelwerkstatt* (1928), Dr. Huth illustrates some furniture from foreign collections inlaid in this style, which he dates about 1740 and assigns to Abraham. His case for attributing this group of tables to the elder Roentgen was based on a comparison with known examples of Abraham's work, and struck me as particularly cogent at the time.

Abraham left England in 1738, the very year that the maker Frederick Hints, whose advertisement is quoted by Mr. Symonds, announces that he is "designing soon to go abroad." Can it be that, having worked with Roentgen in London, he now purposed to join him in Alsace? This is to enter the realm of speculation, but the coincidence of dates is certainly suggestive and the tables have a distinctly foreign appearance.

A SPORTING PAINTING

I should be pleased if you would insert the enclosed photograph in Collectors' Questions. It is a photograph of an oil painting by Widdas measuring 30 ins. by 24 ins. I am most anxious to identify the hunt or any of the individuals concerned.—R. D. MILLER, 182, Chanterlands Avenue, Hull, Yorkshire.

This picture by the mid-19th-century painter R. D. Widdas is a very pleasing example of his work, the composition reminiscent of Ferneley. The only possible way to identify the scene is by the line of hills and what looks like a white house or possibly a church. The riders may of course be portraits, but the picture gives the impression of being an imaginary composition.



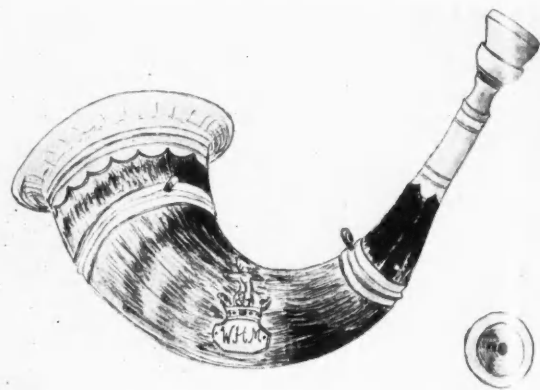
HUNTING SCENE BY R. D. WIDDAS FOR IDENTIFICATION

See Question: A Sporting Painting

YORKSHIRE, OR STAFFORDSHIRE, POTTERY, 1820-30

(Left) THE FARMER'S EMBLEMS
(Right) THE FARMER'S BOAST

See Question: A Farmer's Mug



SILVER-MOUNTED HORN WITH CREST OF A STAG'S HEAD

See Question: A Hunting-Horn

A HUNTING-HORN

I bought this horn in a junk shop as a possible toy for my son; but on cleaning it I found it to be apparently mounted in silver. The mounts have no hall mark, which makes me think that it was made in the sixteenth century or earlier. I am informed that the crest is that of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon, who (at the start of the fox-hunting era) had a pack of hounds at Goodwood, near Chichester. Whether or not these hunted stag originally I do not know. The Duke's Hounds went by the name of the Charlton Hunt.

As to the initials W. H. M. at the foot of the crest, I cannot account for these, unless such hunting-horns were carried by others than the hunt servants, and so initials were added subsequently.

I am not a collector, but this has caused me to wonder and wish to find out all I can about it, its age and value.—R. W. HUCK, 6, Butt Park Road, Honicknowle, Plymouth, Devon.

This horn is probably of foreign origin, which tends to be confirmed by the absence of hall-marks. A stag's head is a very common crest; the Richmond ducal crest is a "stag's head and neck affronté," i.e. full face, rising from a ducal coronet which has eight, not six, leaves. Such horns are common on the Continent, where they are used both by keepers and guns (as we use whistles) in addition to huntsmen, though we know of two English shoots where horns were used. William Hall Maxwell (d. 1914), whose initials are those on this horn bore the crest of a stag's head, but without the

coronet. If this is a coincidence it is a curious one.

"THE ENTHUSIAST"

I recently purchased a pot lid, titled *The Enthusiast*, the picture of an old man with a bad foot sitting in a room and fishing in a tub. I am interested as many years ago I bought a very old oil painting of this same picture. I have it now. The canvas measures approximately 23 ins. by 19 ins. in an old gilt frame.

Can you tell me anything about this picture? If you think my oil may be an original, I would be pleased to send you more particulars.—G. F. LOAM, Talbot House, Crickhowell, South Wales.

The picture is by T. Lane (op. 1816-30), engraved by H. Beckwith, 1850. The original is in the Vernon Gallery; the picture must be either a replica or a copy. Original is 22¼ ins. by 16¼ ins.

A FARMER'S MUG

A mug, of which I enclose two photographs, has been given to me, and I shall be obliged for any particulars of the date, history, etc., of it. The only marking I can see on the bottom of the mug is ⁷³ very roughly painted.—W. M. GARNER (Capt.), Walton Cottage, Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

The mug or loving-cup was made about 1820-30. In the absence of a distinctive factory-mark it is not possible to state with certainty where it was made, but it is likely to have come either from one of the Yorkshire potteries (such as Leeds, Castleford or Swinton) or the Staffordshire Potteries; Liverpool may also possibly have been the place of origin. The motto is, of course, that associated with The Farmer's Arms.

THREE ITALIAN CHAIRS

I forward photographs of three chairs, and shall be most grateful for anything you can tell me about

them. These chairs have been in my family's possession for some years, being brought from Italy about 1870-80.

No. 1.—Brown woodwork. Covering of seat and back in green velvet. Studs of brass.

No. 2.—Decorative work around and above the back and in front below seat is in gilt. Rest of frame is black wood and the back panel and seat are upholstered in crimson velvet.

No. 3.—Woodwork brown. Back and seat of black leather.—C. C. J. BROWN, 16, Hanbury Crescent, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.

The two chairs with wide, square backs (Figs. 1 and 3) are Italian work of the Renaissance. There are a good many examples of this type, covered in velvet (or more rarely leather), of walnut or chestnut wood, but it is impossible to say from the photographs of which our correspondent's pieces are made. In the type of chair the framework is severely plain, the only ornament being the piercing and carving of the front stretcher (as in the chair Fig. 3) and the finials of the back. The other chair dates from the early eighteenth century. Again it is not possible to tell from the photograph the material of the framework described as "black wood." It may possibly be softwood painted black. The cresting, framing of the back panel, and stretcher are treated in the early rococo style.

A YORKSHIRE CLOCK WITH ANTI-CLOCKWISE HOUR-HAND

I am enclosing herewith photographs of a Yorkshire clock in my possession, which I think may be of interest.

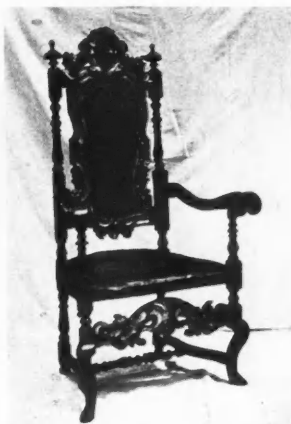
The clock stands some 7 ft. 6 ins. from floor to cresting; the face is silvered with a bright finish. It has three hands, one each for the seconds, minutes and hours. All the minutes are individually engraved. It is particularly interesting to observe that the hour-hand goes in an anti-clockwise direction.

Originally the clock had wing pieces to allow of the pendulum swinging in a somewhat larger arc than is permitted by the case. This is shown by markings in the casing where the two side pieces of 5½ ins. in length have been filled in. At the same time the pendulum disc has been filed down, reducing the diameter by about ¼ in.

The clock has a bolt and shutter movement to the winding holes, which appears to provide



(1 and 3)—CHAIRS OF RENAISSANCE TYPE



2.—EARLY 18th-CENTURY HIGH-BACKED CHAIR

See Question: Three Italian Chairs

for power to be maintained as the second-hand moves forward and not backward during the process of winding.

The casing is of finely figured mahogany—probably Honduras—and is of a beautiful faded colour.

The maker is James Boynton of Howden, and the clock demonstrates what a really graceful variety could be made in Yorkshire, although this county became famous for the very large size of case used for the clocks made here.

On the door is pencilled "James Boynton fecit 1785," and most of the indications of the clock point to that date. The bolt and shutter movement was not usually applied at such a late date, and I wonder whether many more clocks are known with such movement of about this time.

I should also be interested to learn whether a clock with an anti-clockwise movement is known elsewhere.—NOEL G. TERRY, Goddards, Dringhouses, York.

This clock, judging by its dial, was designed as a regulator. It has an ordinary type of regulator dial, except for the unusual feature of the anti-clockwise hour hand. Other clock-makers in order to avoid the disadvantage of an anti-clockwise dial, usually employed for the hours a disc revolving anti-clockwise behind the dial; the hour numeral on the disc being

seen through a slot (see illustration of a regulator clock by George Graham). Some regulators did have a small hour circle, similar to the anti-clockwise example, but it was set in the orthodox way; this however added to the clock-work and also to the friction—not a good feature in a regulator.

A clock with an anti-clockwise hour-hand is very rare; for the reason that no clock-maker, who was at all skilled, would employ such a misleading way of telling the time. Since the clock has a regulator dial and maintaining power—which is essential to a regulator movement—it should also possess the other two essentials, a dead-beat escapement and a compensated pendulum.

We have ascertained from Mr. Terry that this is so. The clock has a dead-beat escapement and a compensated pendulum of a type with a flat metal rod, which is probably based on the compensated pendulum of John Ellicott which worked on the principle of the greater expansion of brass over steel.

The slim and elegantly proportioned mahogany case with its pediment top and fretted frieze shows a style of cabinet-ware 15 or 20 years out of date with the London fashion of 1785. Probably the case was made by a local cabinet-maker and not by a clock-case-maker, who would have been far more likely to have followed the provincial design of case-making then current in Yorkshire.

GEORGE III SILVER FORKS

I should be obliged if you would kindly tell me anything you can as to the interest of some George III silver dinner forks I have been offered.

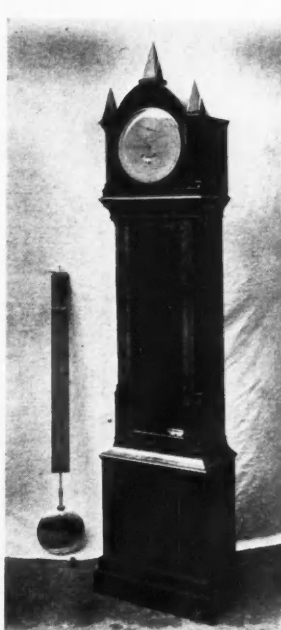
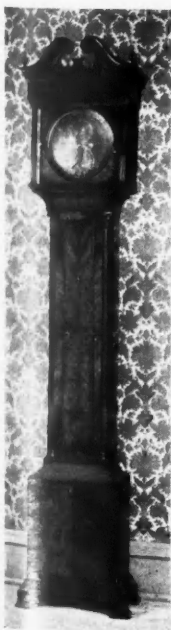
Hall-mark is a crown, lion, George III head, and maker's mark J. M. Weight of six is 16½ oz.

Could you also recommend a small book on hall-marks, etc., as I am hoping to make a small collection for everyday use?—C. K. G. BOWEN, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

The forks which our correspondent describes would appear to have been made by the old-established firm of Mappin and to bear the Sheffield hall-mark for 1818-19.

The best pocket guide to hall-marks is by Frederick Bradbury, *Collectors' Guide to Marks of Origin on Silver Plate made in Great Britain and Ireland*, 1544-1932 (3rd Edn. 1932, published by Northend, West Street, Sheffield, 5s., with Sheffield Plate Makers' Marks 6s. 6d.). The only comprehensive book which gives goldsmiths' marks is Sir Charles Jackson's standard work *English Goldsmiths and their Marks* (2nd Edn. 1921).

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent: nor can any valuation be made.



(Left and Middle) REGULATOR CLOCK BY JAMES BOYNTON OF HOWDEN, WITH ANTI-CLOCKWISE HOUR HAND. Mahogany case 7 ft. 6 ins. high. (Right) REGULATOR CLOCK BY GEORGE GRAHAM SHOWING ORIGINAL COMPENSATED PENDULUM

See Question: A Yorkshire Clock with Anti-clockwise Hour-hand

CAWDOR CASTLE, NAIRN—II

THE HOME OF EARL CAWDOR

In 1510 Sir John Campbell, a son of the Earl of Argyll, married Muriel, heiress of the last Thane of Cawdor. Their descendant, Sir Hugh, made many additions in the latter half of the seventeenth century which have been little altered by subsequent generations.

By OLIVER HILL

BOSWELL in his *Journal of a tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson* described their visit to Cawdor in 1786.

After dinner (he writes) we walked to the old castle of Calder (pronounced Cawdor), the Thane of Cawdor's seat. I was sorry that my friend, this prosperous gentleman, was not there. The old tower must be of great antiquity. There is a drawbridge,—what has been a moat,—and an ancient court. There is a hawthorne-tree, which rises like a wooden pillar through the rooms of the castle; for, by a strange conceit, the walls have been built round it. The thickness of the walls, the small slaunting windows, and a great iron door at the entrance, on the second story as you ascend the stairs, all indicate the rude times in which this castle was erected.

The Castle is still approached by way of the drawbridge spanning the dry moat (Fig. 1). The gateway enters from the east into the outer Court which is divided from the North and South Courts by embattled cross-walls pierced by doorways. The entrance is in the west side of the North Court and joining the main staircase.

Above this staircase is the charter-room and high above that, only to be reached by perilously scrambling across several roofs and gutters, is "Lovat's hole," a garret held by tradition to have been a hiding-place of the notorious Lord Lovat at some time of his chequered career. This remains a mystery. Lovat seems usually to have worn the coat best suited to his own advantage, and must often have needed a hiding-place not necessarily for political reasons. But at the time of the '15 he had fought on the Hanoverian side, while Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor, then an old man, had supported the Old Pretender. During the battle of Culloden

Lovat was in hiding at Foyers, and afterwards fled to the West Coast where he was caught and sent to the Tower of London for execution; and although the garret might have sheltered him from Lord Loudon's troops some months before Culloden, he is said to have been so stout at that time that he could not possibly have squeezed himself through its small entrance.

Among the most interesting features of the interior of Cawdor are various carved stone chimneypieces. That in the dining-room is a spirited and delightful work of the seventeenth century (Fig. 2). Put up in Sir Hugh Campbell's time, it is commemoratively dated 1510, the year Muriel Calder, heiress of Cawdor, married Sir John Campbell; the letters S D at the top and I C. M C below refer to Sir John Campbell and Dame Muriel Calder. The humour and zest with which the carver has invested his little creatures—foxes smoking pipes, cats playing the fiddle, dogs chasing rabbits, mermaids playing harps and monkeys blowing horns—is captivating.

The story of this marriage is as follows: "John, Thane of Cawdor, grandson of the builder of the castle, was married in 1492 to Isabella Rose of Kilravock, in the hope that the union would terminate a temporary feud between the two families. But the marriage was not a happy one, and John died in 1498 leaving one daughter, Janet by name, who survived him only a few months. A posthumous daughter was born named Muriel. She had four uncles, the eldest of whom would succeed in the event of her death and they were all anxious to obtain possession of the heiress. She had become a ward of the



1.—THE DRAWBRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF THANE WILLIAM'S TOWER

Crown, however, and James IV appointed the Earl of Argyll as her guardian. A body of Campbells marched to Kilravock Castle, where the child was living in the charge of her grandmother who, before giving her up, seared her hip with the key of a trunk, lest a changeling be substituted. The Calders mustered in force and pursued the Campbells, hoping to regain the heiress. The leader, Campbell of Inverliver, having sent off the child with an escort of six men, faced about to stop the Calders, and to deceive them, a sheaf of corn was dressed in some of the child's clothes and kept by one in the rear. The conflict was sharp and six of Inverliver's sons were slain. When he judged that the child was out of the reach of her uncles, he retreated, leaving the dummy Muriel to the pursuers. The infant reached a place of security, and was reared at Inverary under the Earl's charge. According to the custom of the time, the heiress of Cawdor was married in her twelfth year in 1510 to Sir John Campbell, the Earl's younger son, and from this union sprang the family of the Campbells of Cawdor." Although Sir John owned large estates in the west, he settled at Cawdor, where Muriel lived on until 1573.

Perhaps the greatest castle-builder in the family was Sir Hugh Campbell, who married in 1662 Lady Henrietta Stuart, sister of the Earl of Moray. Sir Hugh carried out extensive improvements to the Castle in about 1660-70, when he added the group of buildings round the North Court. An armorial tablet above the entrance displays his arms, his and his wife's initials and the date 1672, while the dormer heads show their initials and the date 1674.

Both the north and west range of buildings seem to have been constructed on the



2.—CARVED STONE CHIMNEYPiece IN THE DINING-ROOM

Put up by Sir Hugh Campbell in the seventeenth century but dated 1510 in commemoration of Sir John Campbell's wedding to Muriel Calder, heiress of the Thanes of Cawdor

(Right) 3. — LADY CAWDOR'S BED-ROOM

"The best room with arras hangings, a bed with courteins of red velvet" (*Inventory of 1716*)

walls of previous work, for the lower storeys, in both cases, are certainly earlier in date. In the north-east corner a small poster gate leads out from the lower storey to the moat.

An interesting feature of the north front is the angle chamber on an upper floor, a powder closet corbelled out from what is called the Blue Room. This lovely little panelled room, a part of which is shown in Fig. 5,

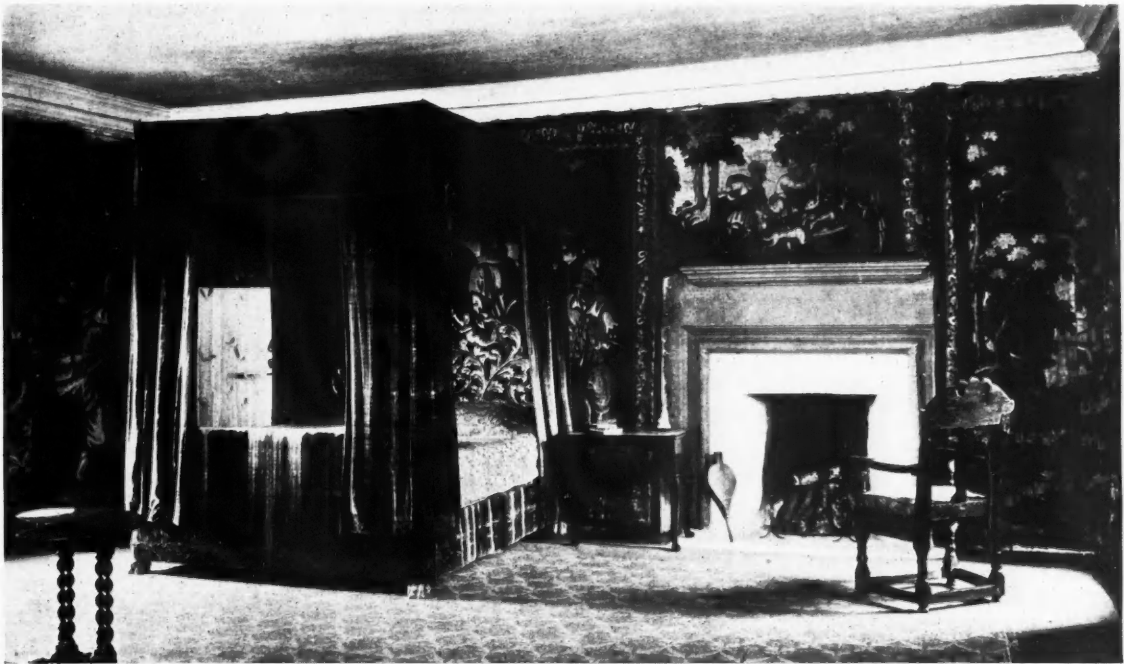
contains a massive cornice and another remarkable fireplace carved with characteristic restoration vitality and showing the initials of Hugh Campbell and Henrietta Stuart and the date 1667 (Fig. 6).

Sir Hugh employed no architect for his additions, but followed the example of his

father who had made some improvements in 1639 and had left matters in the hands of the Nairn masons with the proviso that the "arms and siferis upone the windockis be wrocht to his contentment." But if the masons were great craftsmen, Sir Hugh seems to have given them the guidance of a

master-builder. He was a man of wide interests, of faith and scholarship; and those who live in his house revere him for his care, and for some charm and memorial of his own character which is laid upon the stones he watched in the building.

The hall (known as the drawing-room)



4.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, FORMERLY THE HALL



5.—IN THE BLUE ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR
With the closet opening out of it at the north-west corner of the castle

with its gallery across one end, occupies the centre of the ground floor of the northern range (Fig. 4). Its ceiling is carried by 22 Scotch pine beams, each supported by carved stone corbels. There is a fine, plain stone chimneypiece centrally carved with the hart's-head caboshed of Calder. In Sir Hugh's contract with the masons in 1684 the fireplace is described thus: "the chimney of the hall is to be (when rebuilt) betuixt seven and eight foot wyde."

At the same time "the chimney of the roume above" was to be "brought also neir the middle of the rowme as can be." This "roume above" is Lady Cawdor's bedroom (Fig. 3); a more lovely room I have yet to see. It is square in shape, with a bold cornice and a rather low ceiling. The walls are the original unplastered stone. Extending from the cornice to the floor and from corner to corner are hung the Arras tapestries bought for the room in Sir Hugh's time. They hang in folds so that the stone of the walls is visible round the doors and windows of the room.

One of the charter-room records gives not only the details of the prices paid for these pieces but also the charges made for each stage of their journey from the looms at Arras, *via* Oudenarde, Ghent, Dysart, Leith to the mouth of the near-by Findhorn river, in 1682. The bed, however, with its hangings of rich Venetian-red velvet, is the room's chief glory. An inventory made at the time of Sir Hugh's death records the contents of this room as follows: "The best room with arras hangings, ane bed with courteins of red velvet, covered with a red flowered camlet, and lined with white Persian tafety, with a covering of white Persian tafety lined with flannen, six velvet chairs covered with flowered camlet, a japaned cabinet, etc."

Except for the soft-toned gilding of its claw feet and of the carved and pierced scroll work of the baroque headboard, the bed is as plain as could be. Distinction is achieved by the simplicity of its form combined with the use of material of the greatest richness of texture and colour. These are almost certainly the original bed-hangings; their good condition is due to their having been put away for many years because the velvet had faded and worn in places and the silver lace borders had tarnished to a grey-black. The best of both have been replaced and there is now less fullness of material, but it is this fading and swerving of red which gives it a remarkable beauty.

The charter-room at Cawdor is an inexhaustible

mine of interest in the variety and extent of its treasure. The earliest document is a deed of 1236 to which a superb Byzantine-like seal is attached. I quote a few extracts from some of the lairds' accounts of various dates.

- | | | |
|--------|---|-------------------|
| 1590 : | Item ane browband of welvett to his mesterchipis hatt ... | (Scots money) xs. |
| 1591 : | Item giffin to the blind puir man that playis throw the towne upone ane certaine instrument | xijd. |

- | | | |
|--------|--|----------|
| 1591 : | Item ane point of Frence wyne... vjs viijd. | |
| | Item giffin to the litill boy that held your hors ... | viijd. |
| 1666 : | Item ane pear of sleiperis... schone ... | £2 0 0 |
| | Item to your Lady of colered schone ... | £2 0 0 |
| 1671 : | Item 4 lib. tubacco ... | £4 16 0 |
| 1672 : | 1 French hatt with ane ell yellow ribbens ... | £3 4 0 |
| | 1 fine black sword belt, black silk freinge ... | £12 0 0 |
| | 1 sword for a child at ... | £2 2 0 |
| 1679 : | Imprimis paid to your daughteris to buy stockins ... | £1 12 0 |
| | Item paid to James Pendrich for a pair of virginalls... .. | £66 13 4 |
| 1682 : | To a coachman ... | £1 9 0 |
| | To a harper ... | £1 8 0 |
| | To a watchmaker ... | £3 0 0 |
| | To a barber ... | £0 14 0 |
| | To a poet ... | £1 8 0 |
| 1690 : | Imprimis for 100 lockes for Calderis use for musquetts at 6 steivers per peice in Dutch money, in Scotts ... | £150 0 0 |
| | Fraught from Holland to Kirkcaldie & from Kirkcaldie to Leith | 0 15 0 |

In 1722, a son of Sir Hugh and Lady Henrietta bought "2 dozen Russia leather-bottomed fine chairs for £8 14s." It is possible that one of the set is that shown in the window of the Blue Room (Fig. 5).

An inventory of 1716 records :

"the mid-chamber or drawing-room, arras hangings, a bed with brown cloth curtains, etc. The purple room hung with blue sarge, ane bed with purple cloth curtains lined with yellow Persian tafety with a guilt conform, eight graft stick chairs and two pictures. The high red room hung with red hangings, ane old bed hung with old green cloth etc. The gray room hung with gray druguet hangings



6.—CARVED STONE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE BLUE ROOM
Dated 1667, with the initials of Sir Hugh Campbell and Lady Henrietta Stuart

etc. The drawing room hung with arras hangings, fourteen pictures, thirteen carved chairs and 2 tables. The little hall has only a table and 2 stools. The King's Room, a large carpet, the seat of the coach and its cushions, etc. The gallery hung with striped hanging."

It seems that at one time the family had furnished the tradition of King Duncan's death at "Macbeth's castle," with a magnificent carved and gilded bed in one of the Tower rooms at Cawdor. This bed was fully described in an 18th-century letter now at Stackpole, and was carefully drawn in a sectional plan of the same period showing only the Hawthorn-tree and the bed as of special importance. But the bed has explicitly vanished long ago (as well as the seat of the coach); and in 1823 a friend of the family renewed the tradition by a series of life-sized drawings on the walls of the room, admired by the past generation, and depicting the three witches with their cauldron, Lady Macbeth sleep-walking, and Macbeth with a dagger before him. (The missing bed was replaced by a Victorian four-poster so hard that the present owner of Cawdor is persuaded that Duncan committed suicide.) The room is still called Duncan's Room, but it is more probable that Cawdor had always named this room as the one to put at the King's disposal, and that Duncan, as it were, crept in again later.

Sir Hugh's son Alexander married Elizabeth Lort, the heiress of Stackpole in Pembrokeshire in 1689, but he predeceased his father who lived on till 1716, and was

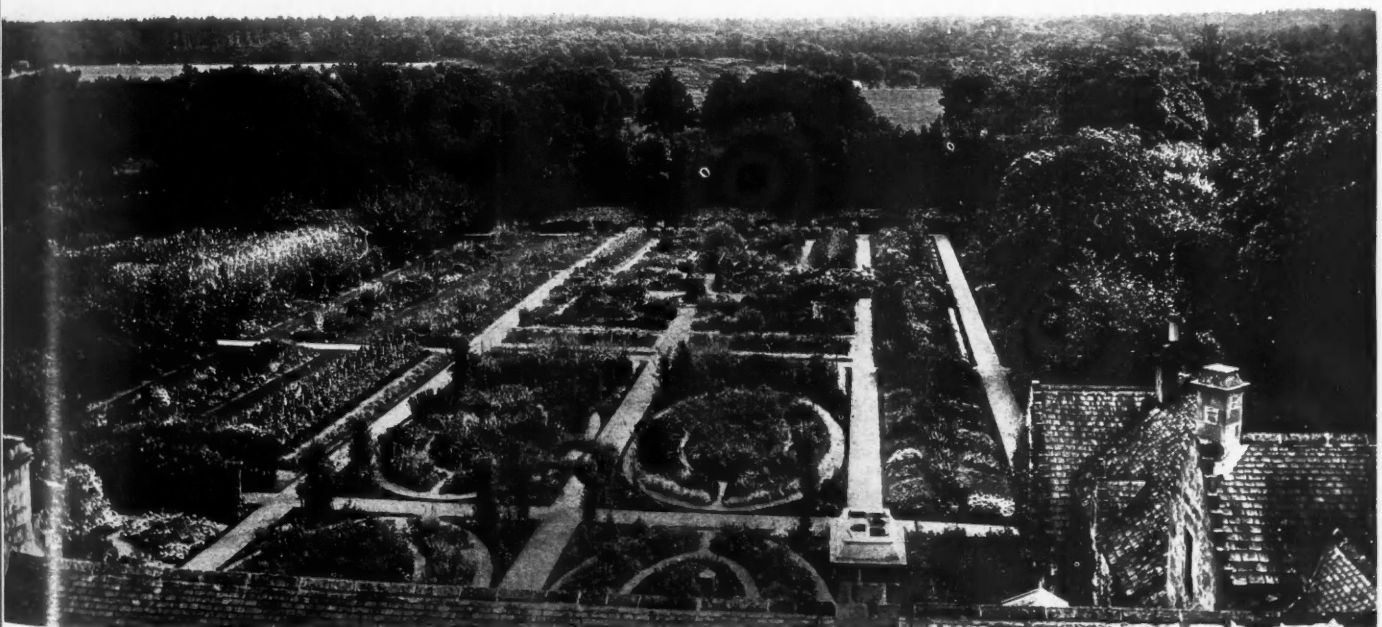
succeeded by his grandson Sir John, who married Mary Pryse of Gogirthen, North Wales in 1726. The family then became established in Wales and disposed of much of their Scottish property, although they always maintained Cawdor in good order. Sir John died in 1777 and was succeeded by his grandson, another Sir John, who was created Baron Cawdor in 1796 for staving off with his militia the last invasion of this country at Fishguard. He was succeeded by a son, John Frederick who, in 1827, was advanced to the Earldom. The present laird is the fifth Earl.

Cawdor seems to me the most complete

realisation of the idea of a noble house. It has weathered the changes of 500 years, standing now the symbol and the roots on which the lives of many generations of a singular family have centred. Cawdor has an impelling power; it has given shelter and security to those who belong there and in return has been served with the constant care and affection which has made it unique. In spite of the austerity of its approach, I feel that Cawdor radiates kindness and warmth and has given a blessed feeling of gratitude and sanctuary to those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy its protection.



7.—"PENINSULAR" BEDS (EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY) IN A ROOM IN THE TOWER



8.—THE GARDEN, FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER

HOME-GROWN TELEGRAPH POLES

By C. F. F. SNOW



THE FIRST STEP—SAWING THE TREE AS CLOSE TO THE GROUND AS POSSIBLE



CUTTING THE TOP FROM A TREE. A SIMPLE GAUGE INDICATES WHERE THE TOP IS TOO SLENDER

WAR created a bigger demand than ever for telegraph poles, for the many military camps, gun and searchlight posts, aerodromes, and so on, all urgently required the services of the telephone. Many new poles, and miles of telegraph wires, have been erected all over the country, and this at a time when imports of wood suitable for telegraph poles were much reduced.

Trees suitable for telegraph poles must, of course, have long, straight trunks, with branches growing only near the top. The trees most commonly used are larch, Corsican pine, Weymouth pine, Douglas fir and Scotch pine. These were formerly imported in great quantities, but the loss of Scandinavian imports and the difficulties in getting supplies from Canada and other parts of the Empire have caused the Post Office to rely largely on home-grown timber.

Many thousands of tall larch trees, in all their Spring glory of pale green foliage and tiny pinky-brown cones, have been felled for telegraph poles. Their tops are cut off in the

woods, the length of the pole being governed by the size of the trunk. Thus, the thicker the trunk the longer the finished pole will be. No tree must bend more than 3 ins. from

the vertical if it is to be used for a telegraph pole.

The trees have their outer bark removed while still in the wood, and a Post Office official inspects each one at this stage. He stamps the butts with one crown to denote a light pole, two crowns to denote a medium pole and three crowns for a heavy pole.

The tree trunks are then removed to a depot where they are "fabricated" and creosoted. Although the bark is shaved off soon after the trees are felled, the inner "skin" must be removed to allow the creosote to penetrate into the wood. This skinning is done by means of a draw-knife and is a very skilled operation.

When the poles have been skinned, the letters G.P.O. and figures showing the length of the pole are cut into the wood. The year and an initial letter indicating the kind of wood are also cut. All these markings are made 10 ft. from the butt. The next stage is a visit to the scarfing machine, which puts a flat surface on the front of the pole at the top. It also bores the necessary holes, ready to



REMOVAL OF BARK. GREAT CARE MUST BE TAKEN NOT TO SHAVE THE WOOD TOO DEEPLY



GLISTENING WHITE POLES AWAITING TRANSPORT TO THE CREOSOTING DEPOT



THE HIGHLY-SKILLED WORK OF REMOVING THE "SKIN" OF THE TREE BEFORE THE CREOSOTING

(Left) CATTLE-GUARDS, 7 ft. LONG, WHICH ARE FIXED TO THE BRACING-WIRES IN ORDER TO MAKE THEM CONSPICUOUS



(Right) STAY BLOCKS WHICH SERVE AS UNDERGROUND ANCHORS FOR THE BRACING-WIRES



THE TIPPING MACHINE WHICH TRIMS THE TOPS OF THE POLES AT AN ANGLE OF 45 DEGS.

take the cross-pieces which are later fixed to hold the wires.

The pole is then roof-capped, or trimmed at the top at an angle of 45 degrees. The machine which does this work is called a tipping machine. When the pole is in use a metal cap is fitted to protect the top of the pole from decay owing to the weather.

All the poles must be stacked and allowed to dry for six months. Then they are sorted, according to their length, and the type of wood. Larch and Douglas fir are exceptionally hard, and these take longer for the creosote to penetrate.

The creosoting itself is an interesting and skilful business, carried out in huge cylindrical tanks, each tank being 96 ft. long and 7 ft. in diameter. The poles are drawn into the cylinders on small trucks, run on a bogey line, which passes through the cylinder.

When the poles are in, the airtight doors are closed and securely fastened. A partial vacuum is created in the tank for about three-quarters of an hour to withdraw the moisture

from the poles. Air is then pumped in, and left for an hour at a pressure of 60 lb. to the square inch. At the end of this time the tank is filled with creosote at a pressure of about 150 lb. per square inch at a temperature of 160° F. This

is left for an hour and three-quarters before being withdrawn. Then another vacuum is created to withdraw any excess oil. The amount of creosote required in the poles is about 12 lb. per cubic foot. The whole process takes about 5 hours. Now the poles are ready to be withdrawn and stored until they are needed.

Solid blocks of wood are sunk into the ground near the poles to hold any bracing-wires that may be needed. These are called stay blocks and are treated to the same creosoting process as the poles. So are the cattle-guards, pieces of wood 7 ft. long, which are fixed to the bracing-wires to make them obvious to cattle and to pedestrians.

The number of telegraph poles varies from 15 to 22, or even more for every mile of line. Whether they are slender poles, carrying only a single line, or sturdy giants whose shoulders uphold dozens of wires and insulators, each pole has received the same careful preparation, making it as faultless and durable as possible.



(Above) OIL STORAGE TANK SIMILAR TO THE CREOSOTING CYLINDERS

(Right) THE FINISHED PRODUCT WITH ITS DOZENS OF WIRES AND INSULATORS



THE THRAW-CRUCK

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

LET him come within the reach of Sire David Baird, or the Doctor, or the Thraw-cruck, to say nothing of the Frying-pan, and he had it all his own way." What does the reader think those cryptic words mean? The references to Sir David Baird and the Doctor are rather misleading than otherwise, and what a Thraw-cruck may be I have not even now the slightest notion. There really is no clue to the puzzle and I had better give the answer at once. The four names were those that the great Allan Robertson apparently gave to his clubs, and the writer meant that once Allan was within reach of the green he was unapproachably good.

The mysterious sentence set me searching for an article that I must have written at least five and thirty years ago; so if I say a few of the same things over again it is at least after a decent interval. What I was looking for was an account of playing in a foursome and in a fog at Walton Heath against Braid and a friend of mine long since dead. The fog was so thick that my partner and I did not know very clearly at any moment where we were and thought to derive some information from Braid's advice to his ally. Our disappointment may be imagined when the Champion's instructions were couched in a language that meant nothing to us. "Forgan, sir," was his first order and that was at least intelligible as meaning an iron bearing that illustrious maker's name, but what sort of iron? That was hidden from us, and still more useless, if possible, was the advice to play a "full pipe." The fact that at another hole James pledged his honour that a "half Simpson" would carry the invisible bunker was no comfort at all, though it was comforting to find later on that a full Simpson would have been better because the ball was in the bunker and not over it. Finally at an eminently crucial moment "Snakes" was indicated, and laid the ball stone dead—a palpable fluke—through the white wall of fog.

It is, I hope, hardly necessary to explain that a pipe is the mark on the back of the iron clubs forged by Mr. Stuart of St. Andrews, even as a rose marks or used to mark those of Mr. Condie; but "Snakes" defeated me then and I am a little vague now. I think it was the sign manual of some distinguished maker, possibly Stuart again, on the irons specially made for ladies. It certainly was highly descriptive of the way that ball wormed its way along the ground to the flag. As to the meaning of those names of Allan's I can only guess that Sir David Baird was a club that had once belonged to that famous old golfer and that the Frying-pan was an iron which dropped the ball dead on the green "like a poached egg."

The author, who was the Rev. J. G. McPherson, in his little book called *Golf and Golfers*, vouchsafed no explanation and may have thought that all good Scots knew what a Thraw-cruck was and that the Saxon was not worth enlightening. The other day, when I wrote ecstatically of the joys of getting home to my own clubs and my own books, I said I would re-read Dr. McPherson and that he might possibly annoy me. I have come home, I have re-read at least some of him and I must admit that though he entertained me he did annoy me. He is so pleased with himself and so little pleased with anyone of a later age, so pompous about what he describes as the "niceties" of the game (though they are really very commonplace), so intolerant of Sayers for playing a shot with a "patent loft" and of Archie Simpson for driving with "the ugly club called the bulger," in short so aggressive a die-hard that even my conservative spirit is roused to anger. And yet we ought to forgive him because he loved golf much and we ought to be grateful to him for telling us a good many odds and ends of interesting things about early golf which might otherwise have perished. If we do not believe—and I don't—that some of his heroes, Allan in particular, were quite so wonderful as he declares them to have been,

neither are we believed by a younger generation when we prate of the gods of our youth.

Sometimes the old gentleman, who really and truly was a very fine golfer in his day, talks pure rhetorical nonsense. "The mania of force *v.* skill, of iron *v.* wood, of dashing *v.* style, of certainty in betting *v.* fame"—this is nothing but rant and so is the reference to "the connecting bond of historical rivalry having been ruthlessly severed by fashionable committees." This last has no meaning at all that I can discover, except indeed that he liked things better as they had been, a very natural, human, but sometimes tiresome, sentiment. Where I find him really interesting is in his description, sometimes a little mysterious, of the St. Andrews greens as they used to be. After saying what we all know, that the course had become much wider from the destruction of the whins, he goes on: "The putting greens, too, are quite changed. Then, there was a variety of surface which brought out the greater skill; now all are nicely turfed over and artificially dressed like billiard-tables. Then, at the Heather hole one had to dodge about and watch the lie of the green, carefully noting any hollow to catch or 'soo-back' to avoid in the gentle stroke; thereby, as old Rabbie Paterson used to say, 'wilin' the wether into the hoose.' Now no caddie's advice is needed, no look is required from the ball end and then from the hole end to 'study' the ground; a dead straight putt suffices. The 'Sandy hole' puzzled the uninitiated with its heavy putting surface; now it is a stroke easier."

Now if he simply meant to say that a putting green is more interesting for undulations and runs and borrows (a "soo-back" is beyond me, I own) everyone would agree; but he clearly, I think, meant more than that; he liked some greens to be worse in quality than

others, rougher and slower and sandier, and that is to us poor moderns rather a strange point of view. As far as quality of turf is concerned we like all our greens to be only of the best quality, and the better and smoother and truer they are the richer, so we think, the reward that the good putter will reap. Dr. McPherson, I gather, thought otherwise. He may have been right, but to hold that view seems to me a little like saying that the billiard-table in a village hall would bring out the skill of a Lindrum or a Davis better than would a championship table.

No, it does seem to me that all the greens on a course should be, if possible, as true as possible, but there can be a difference between them which is both legitimate and interesting and demands of the player that he should use his wits, and that is in the matter of pace. Nearly every course has one or two greens that are faster and one or two that are slower than the rest and that makes us keep our eyes open and repays the shrewd putter. When I was last at Aberdovey, alas! now more than two and a half years ago, the green-keeper had, owing to absence of staff on service, more work than one man could do, whereupon several members of the club had each taken charge of one putting green. They all did their work manfully and all their greens were excellently smooth, but they had different ideas as to the right degree of keenness; some preferred a very close shave and others a reasonable amount of grass. So one had to learn again the ways of the greens which one thought one had acquired once and for ever. I still remember having an apparently simple putt to lay dead on the Cader green and running, to my consternation, full six feet beyond it. The particular member in charge chanced to be watching and he grinned fiendishly and justifiably. As Sherlock Holmes might have said, I had seen but I had not observed, and I was punished accordingly. If the ghost of Dr. McPherson had been there, leaning perhaps on his Thraw-cruck, he would have been pleased.

BREEDING OF PHEASANTS

WHILE old birds can hardly be killed off close enough, there is no greater mistake, from the aspect of game welfare generally, than to "skin" a shoot during the last month of the season for some such futile purpose as to beat "last year's record." Where partridges are concerned, for example, every bird killed in January may mean the loss of anything from four to fourteen youngsters later on, and if that is not sufficient argument for leaving the birds in peace, I am afraid I know no better one. Pheasants, when hand-rearing was permissible, were, of course, birds of quite another colour, but nowadays the extent to which it is advisable to thin them down depends entirely on the wild stock.

Broadly speaking, I think the view, so often expressed, that one cannot kill too many cock pheasants is misconceived. I will grant that the long-spurred survivors of many seasons are meet for destruction, by fair means if possible—if not, by foul. But the ideal proportion of the sexes is undoubtedly one cock to every five hens, and its maintenance depends very much on the situation of a shoot. I have heard it said, for instance, that, although you reduce your cocks to vanishing point, it matters not, because the hens will always attract suitors from outside. If your shoot marches with game-preserving neighbours the contention may very well hold good. But should it not, what then? Neither the urge to mate nor the characteristic wanderlust of the genus pheasant is confined alone to the male sex. In my view, therefore, unless you can provide the eligible females with suitable and sufficient male companionship, they will seek it elsewhere; nor will distance be any barrier when the mating urge is definitely insistent.

At the latter end head-counting is not a very easy job. Birds that have been shot at several times are scattered up and down the

country, and it is only when they are "driven in" on the mornings of the back-end shoots that a keeper is able roughly to calculate what stock is left. On his observations you can base the number of cocks which may yet be shot to leave sufficient margin for the breeding season, but even then you must allow for casualties of other kinds before the Winter's end. Vermin do not cease from troubling when the guns are put away; nor can you exclude the possibility that hard weather and cold, searching winds will do a deal of damage before the early eggs are due.

In other words you must be very careful that you do not overdo things at your final shoots. Let me illustrate my meaning. The following does not pretend to be more than a rough and ready calculation, yet it is accurate enough, I think, to admit of proportionate application to shoots of any size. You have started the season with, say, 400 pheasants. Your wild birds may give you an average of eight or ten youngsters per nest. This is a high yield; in a bad year it might be more likely three or four; besides, this will not necessarily be an all-over average for every bird that sits. Thirty to fifty per cent., perhaps even more, of your wild clutches may be lost. The hen may fall to vermin, or she may desert; the eggs may be stolen or sucked; the whole nest may be swept away in storm or flood. Even if none of these fatalities occurs the mother bird may not succeed in bringing up one-quarter of her brood.

We dare not bank on first-rate nesting seasons. In respect of wild birds, at least, it is more provident to take a pessimistic outlook. The question then resolves itself quite simply. How many hens will it be necessary to spare in order that this year's output of 400 shall repeat itself? Pessimistically again, we will not bank on more than an all-over average of four birds at maturity from every brood, from which

it follows that 80 females must report for duty in the Spring.

Even this is not quite right. We must allow a 30 per cent. margin for Winter wastage, which means in brief that 100 hens and not fewer than 20 cocks must see this season out. In round figures, therefore, 250-300 pheasants should be the limit of the season's bag. Thus the cannon-fodder for the back-end depends entirely on the residue of the earlier shoots. If many more cocks are in evidence than are obviously requisite to breeding requirements, they should be rigorously dealt with.

A progressive increase in wild breeding stock depends to a greater extent than many people will admit on the nature of coverts. Large straggling woods are a nightmare to anyone seeking to run things with due regard to economy, whereas a few smallish copses, and good thick hedgerows, give every hope of encouraging results. In any case pheasants, not subject to human control, cannot be relied on to bring up their offspring with the meticulous care which characterises partridges.

Generally speaking, the wild hen pheasant

enjoys a reputation for carelessness and incompetence which is not wholly deserved. She loses the best part of her brood, and we call it "lack of maternal instinct," but were we to make closer investigation we should find, I think, that these "bad mothers" are in reality the first-year products of artificial rearing. Having known no natural mother themselves, they are handicapped in the upbringing of their families through ignorance of the best way to protect their young against the many dangers that beset them. But once they attain the semi-wild status in the second or third season, they are not far behind any wild creatures in earning their own and providing for their offspring's living. The keeper, relieved in these days of the anxieties of artificial rearing and able to devote his whole time to the supervision of a wider area, is able to render just the assistance of which the wild bird stands in need. He can exercise what, for want of a better phrase, I may call birth control. The hen which lays 16 to 18 eggs and comes away with a big brood usually manages to mislay most of the chicks in a day or two. So the wise keeper makes up

nests as far as possible to not more than 10 to 12 eggs, the products of which the bird can brood and look after much more easily and efficiently. My own experience is, in fact, that broods of five or six stand a great deal better chance of survival to maturity than those of double the number.

In any case nothing in the aggregate is lost by this method, for eggs can be abstracted from boundary nests and those in dangerous positions and distributed among such as are sites in more get-at-able and safer spots. Moreover, a nice discrimination in the distribution ensures that the bulk of the chicks are brought out on virgin soil. Instead of being concentrated in a circumscribed area, on which possibly swarms of pheasants have been brought out for years, the youngsters first see the light on ground which teems with insect life and natural food. This in itself reduces the risk of disease, and the mother bird is spared the necessity of dragging her children for long distances in search of food, which is so often the primary cause of high mortality among wild pheasant chicks.

J. B. DROUGHT.

PHYLLIS KELWAY

By FRANCES PITT

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will know Miss Kelway's work and realise the gap her early death has made in the ranks of British field naturalists.

TO have bred a small animal in captivity may not seem anything remarkable to those unacquainted with the lesser mammals, so before referring to the passing of Miss Phyllis Kelway and the loss she will be to natural history, let me introduce the reader to the pigmy shrew, *Sorex minutus*.

There was at one time in the entrance hall of the British Museum (Natural History), South Kensington, and may still be there—but I have not visited the Museum lately—a specimen of the African elephant. It was set up in all the majesty of the largest of living mammals, towering immense over the visitors who stood and stared at it. If my memory and imagination are not playing me false, it was a record specimen killed by that great hunter Frederick Courtney Selous. But the really dramatic thing about the exhibit was the "mouse" on its toe! It was not really a mouse but a shrew, a stuffed specimen of the smallest of living mammals, the pigmy or lesser shrew, put there for comparison with the monster elephant—both mammals, that is creatures which suckle their young, yet one so large and the other so amazingly tiny.

The shrews are those somewhat mouse-like animals that the cat often kills but never eats. They have a musty smell and are distasteful to her, the fox and dog. They are long-nosed, velvet-coated creatures that live on insects, grubs and so on. They are not rodents and in no way allied to the mice. They hunt for a living and are marvellously energetic, especially the wee pigmy shrew which is no more than a pencil thickness of life and devilment. There are, by the way, three kinds of shrew fairly well distributed on the mainland of Britain, the very plentiful common shrew, the water shrew of riversides and ditches, and, the least of them all, the tiny pigmy shrew. Being a mixture of intense pugnacity, desperate energy, and fragility, shrews of any kind are peculiarly difficult to keep alive and study. When two are caged together they are apt to fight to the death, when the victor eats the vanquished.

All these introductory remarks about shrews are to explain why, when we say that Phyllis Kelway kept and bred the pigmy shrew, it means that she achieved a feat of especial difficulty and one requiring a peculiar gift for the study of animals. From her earliest days Miss Kelway had a passion for animals, especially the smaller ones of the English countryside.



THE PIGMY SHREW. "A PENCIL THICKNESS OF LIFE AND DEVILMENT." A photograph by Miss Kelway

She early joined that ardent band of workers, small if compared with the thronged ranks of bird watchers, who devote themselves to the study of squirrels, mice, voles, shrews, etc. But she did not ignore the larger species and did much excellent work on the badger, otter and fox.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember her delightful articles about her pet red squirrels Jennifer and John, describing how they mated and reared a family of three young ones. They will also remember her account of her harvest mice, those wisps of sandy-red life that are

found in south-eastern England, which she studied to such good purpose that they too made themselves at home under her care and brought up a family. This, like the breeding of the pigmy shrew, was almost certainly a unique achievement.

Miss Kelway's records were not only made with her pen but were supplemented by her camera, her photographs of animals, small and not so small, being exceedingly skilful and charming portraits. She told of her experiences not only in this and other journals but in the pages of several books. Her *Hedge Folk in Twilight* and *Swift Movement in the Trees . . . and at their Roots* were among her earlier efforts. They tell of the little creatures she loved so well, red squirrels and grey ones, shrews, toads, and so on. Even birds were included, namely Big Tich and Little Tich the moorhens, but birds were only a side issue, mammals being ever her chief concern. Last year she published two animal books for children, *The Squirrel Book* and *The Otter Book*. One of her latest books was on somewhat different lines. It was entitled *The Ark* and told of the experiences of a smallholder, trying to produce as much for the country as possible, under war-time difficulties, but again animals loomed largely, for animals were ever her love.

Phyllis Kelway was born in Somerset but she lived and worked in Yorkshire, near Huddersfield. She had been looking forward to doing much "after the war," but death claimed her at the all too early age of 39. Her passing leaves a sad gap in the ranks of those devoted to the study of animals, her enthusiasm, energy, accuracy and inexhaustible patience, making the loss the greater.

SQUIRREL

RED squirrel, hastening on his airy roads,
As scenting something on the wind that bodes
Bane from the North, was harvesting last loads.

I saw him check upon his beechen bole,
Listening with all his little wildwood soul
To what far voice, what whisper from the Pole,

Of vast snows thickening, an intenser cold
Creeping still south, until this woody wold
Should blanch as those hoar oceans, fold on fold?

A fire-flushed tendril trailing in the sun
Patterned the bole with shade till day was done.
Squirrel was one that watched, and I was one;

Until that word from Winter's window-sill
Sped him fast on, the gold leaves' overspill
Fluttered about him, and the woods were still.

DUDLEY G. DAVIES.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WILLOW-WARBLER WITH THE ARMY

SIR,—I was most interested in Mr. A. F. Park's illustrated article on the willow-warbler, and can add a note that may be of interest.

While the fighting was in progress in the Western Desert and Cyrenaica the tameness of migratory birds was most noticeable. In the Spring and Autumn a certain species (warblers and wagtails being the most common) would arrive, one to each armoured car throughout a widespread leaguer and appear quite fearless of man. After a few days, in an equally mysterious manner the whole lot would have gone. Maybe it was some change in weather or temperature, to which we were insensitive, that gave them the signal to leave.

In two successive Autumns I noticed that willow-warblers were the most friendly and in early October, 1942, while we were training for the El Alamein offensive, these birds were distributed round most of our vehicles. One took up its abode in our Mess—hawking flies by day and perching in the camouflage netting by night.

Soon it realised that the easiest method of catching flies was to pick up the corpses we had "swatted," and that led to its eventually hopping on the table at meal times. It (for I never learnt its sex) became fearless of the fly-swatter; indeed the swish and smack was a signal that a meal was ready and the bird stood staunch while a fly was killed within 18 inches or less of it. Soon I had it picking flies from between my fingers and I could even place a dead fly on my moustache and make the little bird flutter up and pick it off.

A curious thing was that unlike most birds and animals it never watched one's face but only the actions of the hands as if not realising the whole person. It was always wary and shy till about 10 or 11 a.m. when its tameness increased until about 3-4 p.m. It then waned until near dusk when the bird avoided our company altogether, and the biggest blue-bottle offered no temptation.

I was sorry when the morning came that our little friend was gone.

A. M. BARNE (Lt.-Col., 4th Q.O. Hussars).

ANOTHER SILVER NEST

SIR, A correspondent last week described a nest made of streamers dropped by enemy planes. Here two mistle-thrushes, nesting in a beech tree above a crashed aircraft, constructed their nest almost entirely of the silver strip material carried by American bombers.

I recently noticed nesting rooks flying and perching a few feet from the ground and on investigation found that they were angrily mobbing a large strayed ferret which I recovered.

R. O. STEWARD, Old Catton, Norwich.

SILHOUETTIST'S SCRAP-BOOK

SIR,—In your interesting article on Silhouettes in your issue of April 27 last, you mention the work of Augustin Edouart.

I have in my possession a silhouette by him of my grandparents and their three children signed "Augn. Edouart, fecit 1838."

Some years ago I came across in a curiosity shop in Exeter what was described to me as Augustin Edouart's Scrap-book.

It contained a great number of silhouettes properly indexed with the names of the persons represented, and in it was a replica of my family one, mentioned above, with the names, heights and ages recorded on it.

The interesting thing about it was that all the figures faced the opposite way and no doubt the silhouettist cut

these out of a doubled sheet of black paper, selling the top half, pasted on a background, to the sitters and retaining the lower half for his Scrap-book as a record of his work.—E. H. M. LUCKOCK, Sidbrook House, near Taunton, Somerset.

ONE MAN'S GARDEN

From Judge Crosthwaite.

SIR,—I wonder whether you, or one of your readers, could tell me what sized garden (lawn, flowers, vegetables and fruit) one man should be reckoned to be able to tend properly single-handed.—A. T. CROSTHWAITE, Springcroft, Spital, Bebington, Cheshire.

[If the garden is normally constituted, one acre.—Ed.]

A FURTHER GOOD WORD FOR THE JAY

SIR,—It was with interest that I read Mr. Goodwin's letter in the issue of April 20 saying a good word for the jay.

The jay is a very handsome and striking bird; during periods of observation he can be most interesting and amusing: also a nuisance—he is so suspicious. I do not like the bird; he is an inveterate egg-collector and most cunning in his ways, but the following incident put him up a peg or two in my estimation.

From a first-floor window of a house in Sheffield, one Sunday morning, I was observing, through a telescope, the movements of a jay on the lawn. The bird was strutting about and for 15 minutes was kept in the field of view. During that time he picked up and swallowed no fewer than 90 slugs!—J. P. UTLEY (Capt., R.A.).

A VICTORIAN PUBLICATION

SIR,—I have just seen the illustrations in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE of the Circle Club. Probably you have received many identifications already. The top figure is easily

identified as that of H. Stacy Marks, R.A., an amusing friend and neighbour in St. John's Wood in 1873. He was not really "like Charles Dickens," except in the cut of his beard.—J. G. TURNER, Forshem, Fleet, Hampshire.

HENRY KEENE

SIR,—Mr. Clifford Smith's article on Henry Keene is of much interest. May I append a few footnotes *seriatim*?

(1) *The Conversation Piece*: one or two other figures may be identifiable. *Ben Carter*: a B. Carter was a carver of the period: a tablet by him, among other known works, is fixed to the western wall of the nave of Romsey Abbey. *J. Pratt*: a bricklayer named Pratt was employed upon St. Olave's, Tooley Street, Southwark, after 1736.

(2) *Thomas Gayfere's* father was a mason: his mother a Townsend of Burford: they must have married c. 1715: the builders of the 1732 Bank of England were Dunn and Townsend—the latter otherwise unknown. Can there be any connection?

(3) *The Hall, University College, Oxford*: the roof of this is clearly based upon John Jackson's roof (1659) of Brasenose Chapel—itsself inspired by the early 16th-century choir of the Cathedral. (As for the famous fan-vaulting, 1719, of the Radcliffe Gateway, I have not consulted the College accounts but have assumed it to be by Peisley of Oxford who, according to Poole's *Oxford Portraits*, carved the niche of the statue of Dr. Radcliffe on the tower above.) The Hall mantelpiece is not like what I know of Gothick work by Oxford builders, but is clearly reminiscent of tombs in Westminster Abbey: I suspect Gayfere's hand here.

(4) *Hartwell Church*. The plaster fan-vaulting here must surely have some connection with that in the church fifteen miles north at Wicken, Northamptonshire. This latter was designed by an amateur named

Prowse, who died in 1758 before it was finished: the two vaults strongly resemble each other and are quite lovely. But to suggest what is exactly the connection presents a pretty little problem, with the complexities of which I will not encroach upon your space.

(5) *Additional works*. Henry Keene was in 1770 employed by Lord Lumley of Stansted to erect a spire in the Chinese taste on Westbourne Church, Sussex: this spire is now demolished. In 1772 he exhibited at the Society of Artists a view of Stansted Castle, near Emsworth. At Spelsbury, Oxfordshire, the 3rd Earl of Lichfield (d. 1772) is commemorated by a singular memorial designed by Henry Keene and carved by William Tyler, R.A., architect and sculptor. The church was, I believe, altered in the eighteenth century: by Keene?

(6) What relation was Henry to Theodosius Keene, designer of Maidenhead Town Hall (1777)?

(7) Sir Roger Newdigate who commissioned the work at Athbury was of the family of Harfield in Middlesex. Apart from Henry Keene's appearances in West Sussex and at Westminster, all Keene's known work seems to be in, near, or connected with Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire. Did he hail from these parts?

Here may be clues for further discoveries about this gifted architect. I enclose a photograph of the chancel roof of Wicken Church, Northamptonshire.—EDMUND ESDALE, Manor Farm, Bloxham, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

MATTHAUS GRUNEWALD

SIR,—I see from an American paper dated January 15 that Matthaüs Grunewald's Isenheim atlas screen has happily been found intact in a room in Haut-Koenigsbourg Castle near Colmar.

This gives me personally much pleasure, for all through this war I have been waiting for news of it, fearing any day to hear it might have gone from us for ever, with so much else of value—but of lesser value. Of all works of art—not being sculpture or architecture—I suppose this altar-piece must come first. I at any rate can think of nothing which has made such an impression on me—akin to that which Bach's music does, or Chartres Cathedral.

What I would like to know is, can one obtain coloured reproductions of the altar-piece anywhere? I remember seeing one of the diptychs some years ago, and another from France with each panel opening out in the correct way. But is anything still to be had in the United Kingdom and, if so, can you tell me where?—ROWLAND BOWEN (Capt.), Surrey Directorate, H.Q. 14th Army, S.E. A.C.

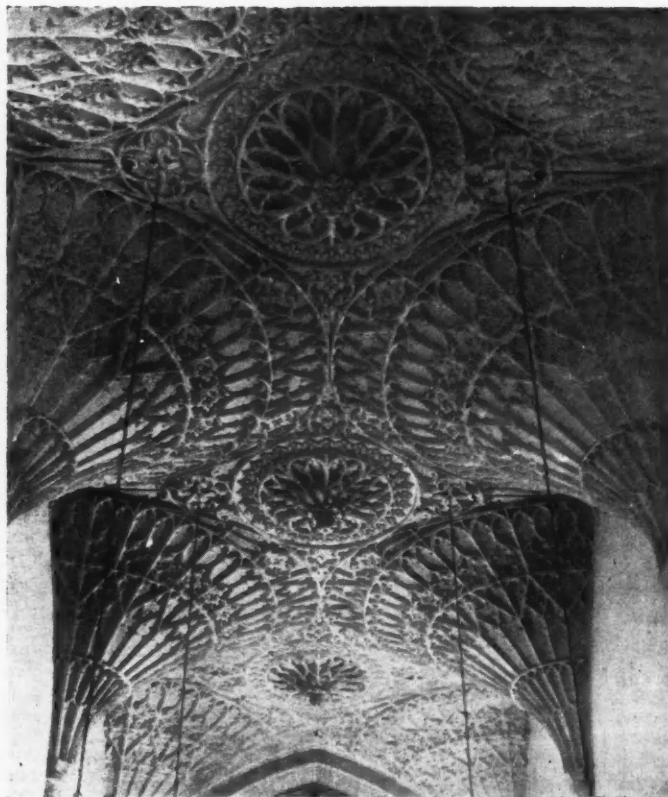
A FISHING STORY

SIR,—The following incident may amuse your readers.

One day recently two companions and I were having a picnic lunch on a bank of the River Test near Stockbridge. I am a serving soldier now attached to the Central Pool of War Office artists, and my two companions were Captain Forwood, also a serving soldier, temporarily attached to the Central Pool, and Mrs. Forwood (Miss Glynis Johns, the stage and film star).

All three of us were enjoying a day in the country, prior to acting in *Peg o' My Heart*, a play in which we hoped to entertain the R.A.F. that evening.

After lunch, as it was hot and sunny, I decided to have a nap. My companions, however, being younger and much more energetic than I, went for a stroll by the river's brink. They returned in about ten minutes to disturb my slumbers with the



FAN-VAULTING, WICKEN CHURCH; DESIGNED BY PROWSE (Died 1758)

See letter: Henry Keene



WYCOMBE HIGH STREET IN 1772, BY W. HANNAN

See letter: High Wycombe

information that they had seen an "enormous fish" close to the bank.

He hastened to the spot, and there sure enough was an enormous fish, rather the enormous tail of a fish, with its body hidden in weeds, facing upstream.

He looked at it for a while, and Glynn said wistfully: "You know, all day I've been longing for something exciting to happen." This was an appeal that could not be resisted, so I removed my shoes and utility socks, and gingerly tiptoed into the stream.

I placed my hand gently under the fish, slid my fingers along its belly till I reached what I thought was its middle, and then executed a sharp pincer movement with my thumb and fingers; whereupon, much to my surprise and everyone else's, including presumably the fish's, I was able to extract from the river a six-pound pike in perfect condition.

I can only assume that it was asleep, or just absent-minded. Anyway, we bore it in triumph to the car, and have been boring everyone to tears ever since with our account of its capture.

Oh, well! It's as good a fishing story as any other, and it is true, honestly!—C. T. M. BOOTH (Capt.), *White Hart Hotel, Salisbury*. Witnesses: Capt. and Mrs. FORWOOD, same address as above; BERT LAURIE (who weighed the pike), *Crooked Shears Inn, Clatford, Andover, Wiltshire*.

CHURCH BELLS

SIR,—In the letter you published on Suffolk church bells, the epitaph at Gazeley reminds me, with its list of names, of something similar on the peal at Hartland, Devon:

The names of Dennis, Heard, Chope and Rowe

With us can never die:
They saved our lives; not only so,
But bade us multiply.

Originally, there were five bells but, in 1826, they were re-cast to make six—evidently, the scheme of the four parishioners mentioned. (See R. P. Chope's *The Book of Hartland*, Torquay, 1940, page 164.)—J. G. CHOPE, *Bromsrove, Worcestershire*.

CHAINED OR FREE

SIR,—In coats of arms and on crests one finds various animals sometimes chained (e.g. the Duke of Wellington's lions) and sometimes unchained (e.g. Lord Trimlestown's lion and griffin).

I wonder whether any reader of COUNTRY LIFE could tell me whether

the chain has any significance. I have been assured that it means that the original holder of the crest was once a prisoner.—C. L., *Hornsey Rise, N.8.*

A ROSE-GREY TOAD

SIR,—With reference to the Duke of Bedford's letter in a recent issue about a toad's colour I can add something.

We had a rose-grey toad in our garden last year. As it lived under one of the hand-made bricks which form the paths and edge some of the flower-beds, and exactly matched their soft reddish-flushed-with-grey tone, we concluded that it had matched its skin colouring to its surroundings. We found the colour surprising, because another toad, which has lived in an old tree stump for some years, is a brilliant, almost mustard yellow.—JOYCE CONYNGHAM GREEN, 15, *Sherrardspark Road, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire*.

GLASS FLOATS ON FISHING-NETS

SIR,—I have never been able to find out whether the glass balls used as floats for fishing-nets were originally made for this purpose, or whether they have merely been utilised as floats. Can anyone give me authoritative information on either of these points?

Whatever their history, they seem to be used all over the place. I have seen them all round the English coast and in south-western Ireland, and the ones shown in the enclosed photograph were at Skagen, in Denmark.—LAND GIRL, *Ipswich, Suffolk*.



READY FOR FISHING

See letter: Glass Floats on Fishing-Nets

HIGH WYCOMBE

SIR,—Recently in COUNTRY LIFE I made a reference to a fine painting of Wycombe High Street by W. Hannan dated 1772. High Wycombe was then an important coaching town en route between London and Oxford.

Hannan's original sketch in water-colour shows a spirited scene containing everything one could imagine or wish for in an 18th-century setting. The spacious street is full of decorative detail. The signboards of the coaching inns alone make a magnificent display and many architectural features should be noticed, such as the shallow brick niches of the Military College on the extreme right, the pair of obelisks topped by glass lanterns in front of Lord Shelbourne's Dower House on the left, then a fine residence, its dignity enhanced by the stone balustrade of Palladian design surmounting it; and, finally, the bell turret and gilded vane on Henry Keene's Guildhall.

All are indicative of the taste and culture of a great period.

Amid this entrancing environment, great personages alighted from the stage coaches to visit Lord Shelbourne at Loakes House (now Wycombe Abbey) and Sir Francis Dashwood at West Wycombe Park, both of whom kept open house for the entertainment of the rank and fashion of the day.

Neighbouring country squires and also the vicars of Hughenden and Woodburn possessed town houses in the main street for the purpose of attending receptions at the Assembly Rooms in the Guildhall.

Into his picture, Hannan introduced visitors, as well as residents, to give it life and animation, and he thoughtfully appended a chart indicating their names and positions. Apparently the only surviving Wycombe family thus honoured is that of Joseph Steevens the Quaker, whose family only in recent years vacated their High Street dwelling.

Robert Adam not only added distinction to the street by adorning his market house with a domed roof, but he refronted the old vicarage in a notable manner with an elevation of simple proportions carrying a central bay. To-day the serene quality of the Georgian brickwork which has had the good fortune to retain its original surface in unrestored condition is most attractive. Certain portions such as the elegant Portland stone porch, supported by a pair of classical pillars and pair of pilasters, set on moulded stone bases, which in turn are carried on a flight of steps of graceful proportion, shaped on three sides to follow the outline of the bay, are most impressive.

But the mere recapitulation of all the delights the picture reveals saddens one and adds emphasis to the impending threat of demolition, to enable a main road to cut bodily through the town's centre.—FREDERICK SKULL, *High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire*.

[William Hannan was a Scot, apprenticed as a cabinet-maker, who settled in London and became an artist. Lord Le Despencer employed him to paint several of the ceilings at West Wycombe, including one after a design by Cipriani. He should therefore be added to the list of 18th-century mural painters recently indicated by Mr. Ralph Edwards. There are some landscapes engraved by Woollett after Hannan, who died at High Wycombe in 1775.—Ed.]

OUR CHANGING LANGUAGE

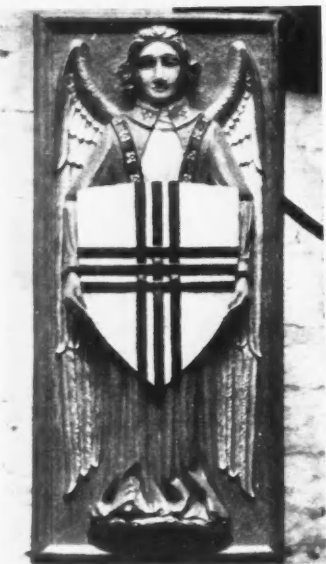
SIR,—About three months ago I was allowed to see an interesting letter written by an eye-witness of the battle of Omdurman in 1898. An expression which puzzled me at first, until a closer study of the context revealed its colloquial meaning, was the use of the word "bottled."

"Poor old So-and-so was nearly bottled the day before the battle" seemed an event hardly worthy of comment, until I realised that fifty years ago to be "bottled" meant to be "killed."

Last week I picked up a school story by Alec Waugh written in 1917. The bad boy of the school was

expounding his philosophy of working for the end of term exams. "If I get bottled in every paper," he says, "it will only mean about two hours' extra work on each subject. But if I am going to know enough to avoid being bottled, it will mean a good eight hours' work at each subject: six hours wasted on each."

When I was at school—not very many years ago—it was said of one of the finest shots in the VIII that he



THE SKIRLAW SHIELD

See letter: North-country Bridge-builder

could only be relied on for a "possible" if he arrived at the firing point slightly bottled.

It would be interesting to know whether your readers know of any other word which has changed its meaning so completely from one generation to another.—J. P. S. DANIELL, Omdurman, Sudan.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence appearing recently in COUNTRY LIFE upon the subject of Sir Richard Arkwright, the following extract from a letter dated October 31, 1787, and written from Rossall Hall, refers to the origin, and some later activities, of that great inventor:

I know little of the person in question, tho' his first setting out

was in this neighbourhood, at Kirkam, where he was an apprentice to a Barber, and when he began his plan, from which has eventually arisen all his good fortune, he had not Cash to put his Ideas into execution, upon which he went to Preston, and there met with a Friend who lent him a little money, and I have heard that a few yrs. ago, when the Cotton Tax etc. was propos'd, he offer'd Government £11,000 p. annum if they would not levy it.

(Letter from Mrs. Fleetwood Hesketh to her uncle, Godfrey Wentworth, Esq., of Hickleton, Doncaster.) The allusion to Sir Richard was upon the occasion of his becoming a neighbour to Mr. Wentworth, probably when Sir Richard purchased Sutton Scarsdale, a beautiful 18th-century house, built by Lord Scarsdale, and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XLV, page 166. Unfortunately the house has in quite recent years become a ruin.—P. FLEETWOOD-HESKETH, Meols Hall, Southport, Lancashire.

NORTH-COUNTRY BRIDGE-BUILDER

SIR,—In view of the enormous building programmes awaiting the post-war era, I thought you might be interested in the story of a great builder of mediaeval times, Walter Skirlaw, who became Bishop of Durham in the last years of the fourteenth century. He helped to build the central tower of York Minster, the tower and chapter house at Howden (East Yorkshire) and the Skirlaugh chapel—now the parish church—and many bridges in the North of England.

The bridge in the town of Yarm, Yorkshire, of which I enclose a photograph, was one of his benefactions. Although it has been widened and considerably repaired since Skirlaw's day, this charming bridge incorporates part of the original structure. It spans the River Tees which forms the boundary between Yorkshire and County Durham; hence innumerable squabbles in bygone days as to which authority should effect repairs. One reads that in 1606 the bridge was "in great ruine and decaye," and again, in 1624, that it was in danger of "falling shortlee into utter ruine." Early in the nineteenth century an iron bridge which was erected to supersede Skirlaw's structure collapsed after only two years' usage, but the restored mediaeval bridge is still doing good service.

Skirlaw's father was a humble sieve-maker of South Skirlaugh, near Hull. Because of this, Walter's coat-of-arms incorporates six black stripes interwoven on a silver ground, the stripes representing the details of his father's craft. The Skirlaw shield is seen on the central tower at York, but one of the choicest reproductions of the coat-of-arms is that shown in my other photograph. This panel, in which an angel supports the shield, was recently carved in oak by Wilfrid Milburn of York and has been set up at Skirlaugh Palace, Howden, above a mural tablet bearing the inscription:

This porch to the Palace of the Bishops of Durham was built by Walter Skirlaw, Bishop 1388-1405, and restored by Mr. Charles Briggs, 1938. Architect, Ernest Walker, York.

—G. BERNARD WOOD, Leeds.

A UPAS TREE AT KEW

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at Kew Gardens. It is the

trunk of a upas tree, denuded of bark, but it has been something of a problem picture to many friends some of whom have at first taken it for one of the fashionable torso pictures!—E. M. BARAUD, Little Eversden, Cambridgeshire.

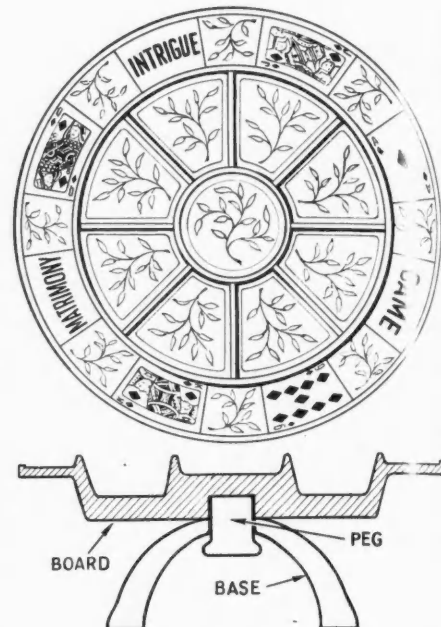
POPE JOAN

SIR,—I have in my possession a Pope Joan board, of which I enclose a sketch (from memory, as I am in the Forces at present). It is turned from some light-weight wood, in three main pieces: top, with inserted divisions, base, and wooden peg glued into top so that the board can be rotated (but not spun). The whole thing is beautifully finished, and varnished with a hard yellow varnish. The "cards" and other denominations are painted on slightly curved paper to fit the rim, and varnished over. The colours are black and red, and all

"cards" are shown as diamonds: all the spaces have a conventional "spray of leaves" in black and red. The height from foot to top is about 4½ inches.

The game, as my mother learnt it, is somewhat similar to Newmarket. The 9 of Diamonds is always "Pope Joan," and the 7 (? or 8) of Diamonds is removed (from an ordinary pack of playing cards) before the game commences. Only the dealer "dresses the board"—two counters in "Pope" and one in each of the other divisions.

Have any of your readers a similar board, and can they give a full version of the game, particularly to



A SKETCH OF A POPE JOAN BOARD

See letter: Pope Joan

moment the bird came flying straight at my hand, making a noise of great anger. Its beak touched my hand, and the bird, probably thinking better than to continue the attack, made off into a shrubbery. I went on my way, leaving its meal where I had found it.—ESME H. BIDLAKE, Beverly, Rotherfield, Sussex.

IS BRACKEN A PARASITICIDE?

SIR,—In the *Gardeners' Chronicle* recently, I brought forward evidence to show that bracken possesses distinct parasitocidal properties. A



SKIRLAW'S BRIDGE AT YARM

See letter: North-country Bridge-builder

include the centre "pool," which is unused in mine.

The board was bought by my grandfather, about 50 or 60 years ago, at the sale of an old lady's effects.—JOAN M. AMES, Maidstone, Kent.

THE ANGRY BLACKBIRD

SIR,—Having always taken a keen interest in natural history it occurs to me that the following amusing incident may be of interest to your readers.

Returning home one evening, about 7.45, I saw a male blackbird hopping along a grass verge with a large circular object in its beak. As I drew near the bird dropped the "thing" and flew into a near-by tree, and I bent down to see what it was that meant so much—a very large snail! I picked it up, and just at that

more searching study of this problem is necessary, as it presents important and far-reaching possibilities. The recent experience with reclaimed bracken land by War Agricultural Executive Committees and individual farmers could probably add to our knowledge in this direction.

I would greatly appreciate any information sent direct to me on the following questions:

(1) How does the infestation of bracken land (with the minimum of undergrowth) compare with that of arable and grass land? and

(2) Are potatoes and root crops, grown on reclaimed bracken land, less troubled with blight, wireworm, eelworm, etc., than similar crops grown elsewhere?—MAURICE CAMPBELL, 145, Alexandra Road, Manchester 16.



A PUZZLE PHOTOGRAPH

See letter: A Upas Tree at Kew

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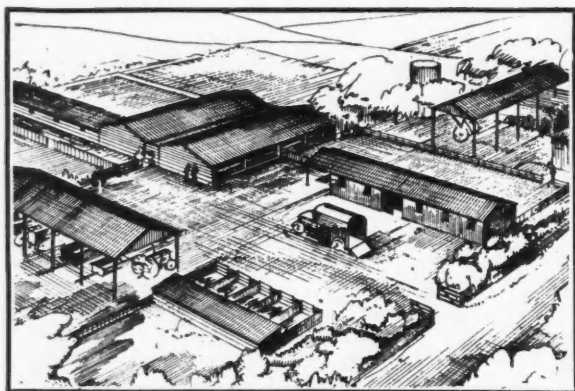
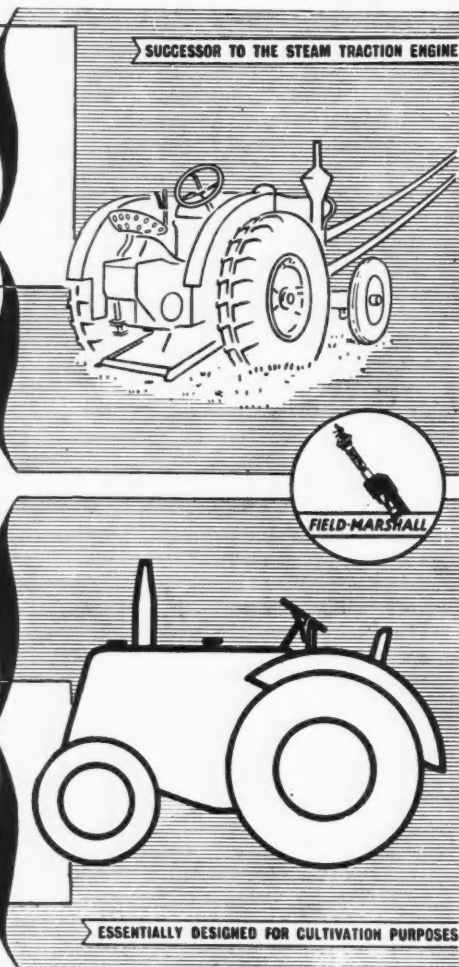
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FARMING NOTES

THE SERVICE MAN ON THE LAND

WORKING together the Departments of Agriculture and the Ministry of Information have produced a good short film for the benefit of those men in the Services who are thinking of starting farming life after the war. The would-be smallholder, portrayed by a lance-corporal with a Scots accent, is shown meeting an officer of the War Agricultural Committee—I recognised Mr. Belayse Smith of Buckinghamshire—who takes him to a small-holding where they have a heart-to-heart talk with the farmer. There are plenty of scenes with mud in them, and due stress is laid on the necessity for milking cows seven days a week throughout the year and drawing water from a well. The absence of electricity and sanitation are brought into the picture, too, so that the aspirant to farming life is given a rather forbidding picture. However, this lance-corporal decides that he wants to go farming, or at any rate that he will take the Government's training course for a year, and bring his bride with him.

Billets or Hostels?

PLANs for the training of Service men on farms are going ahead in the counties. Most of the War Agricultural Committees have appointed a special man to look after this job. He has, first of all, to pick good farms where men will get intelligent training, and not merely be used as cheap labour. In fact, the farmer will pay something for their help, after the first month, on a graduated scale. The men themselves will get maintenance from the Government. It will not be easy to find billets on farms or in cottages for 100,000 men and a good many wives. This is the basis on which the Government are planning, presumably after taking account of the men in the Services who are likely to want farm training. For the most part the trainees will have to live in hostels, going out to near-by farms each day. This will not be the same as living on a farm, but the hostel system has advantages. For one thing it will make possible some lectures and discussions and some organised entertainment which men, coming from a communal life in the Forces, might miss.

Smallholdings to Wait

THERE is no word yet of the creation of more smallholdings to provide for Service men after their training course. Several of the County Councils are anxious to buy more land and equip holdings for Service men, but the Minister of Agriculture has told them to hold their hands at any rate until the necessary labour and materials can be spared. The first call on the building industry, when it gets into its stride, must be the proper repair of town homes that have been blitzed and the building of thousands of new houses to give people a roof over their heads. Moreover, this is not the time for any novice to launch out into farming. Prices of land and farm equipment are high and it is common prudence to wait for a year or two until conditions in farming are more settled. Men coming out of the Services will have no difficulty in getting jobs in farming. There is an acute lack of milkers at the present time, and few farms, even those running into several hundreds of acres, have competent mechanics to keep their machinery in good running order.

The Census of Farm Machinery

THE census of farm machinery taken by the Ministry of Agriculture gives some striking figures. In

the past two years the numbers of tractors have grown from 117,000 to 173,000. We had about 50,000 tractors in this country before the war. The total number of ploughs is much the same as it was two years ago, but there are fewer single-furrow ploughs in use and many more 2-3- and 4-furrow ploughs. Disc harrows have gone up from 34,000 to 59,000. There is a big increase, too, in the numbers of combine corn and fertiliser drills—we now have 12,600 of them. There are fewer mowing machines, swath turners, hay tedders and hay sweeps, reflecting the decline in the hay crop following the ploughing up of so many thousands of acres for tillage crops. There is more potato machinery and there are more milking machines. During the five and a half years of war British farmers have spent well over £100,000,000 on new machinery.

Grey Squirrel Clubs

GREY squirrels are mischievous and should be destroyed. In some districts there are far too many of them. While shotgun cartridges are scarce and dear, few people have been shooting them. It is hard enough to get cartridges for game birds, hares and rabbits which provide for the pot—though a recent correspondent of COUNTRY LIFE suggested that the squirrels might also help make up the meat ration. But the grey squirrel cannot be allowed to multiply indefinitely. The War Agricultural Executive Committees now have authority to sponsor the formation of grey squirrel clubs. The inducement is that free cartridges are to be provided. They will be '410 cartridges that will be distributed by the Committees to clubs that are properly organised. There must be, as one would expect in these days, a committee of management, with a chairman, vice-chairman, secretary, treasurer and six members; an annual subscription and an annual general meeting. Only the '410 cartridges, loaded with No. 6 shot, will be provided free of charge, but the secretary of a grey squirrel club will be able to get a permit to obtain 12-bore cartridges. These will be paid for in the ordinary way. There are, I see, three other provisions. No dogs will be allowed on organised shoots; every member of the club must be in possession of a current gun licence, and on organised shoots only smooth-bore arms shall be used. It all sounds fantastic. I hope some grey squirrels are shot.

A Nasty Insect

THE flea beetle has a nasty name and he is a nasty insect. This year he started operations in early April. Those who were in a great hurry to get their kale sown and had a plant established learned, to their cost, that the flea beetle wakes up in a warm spell, even if it is only April and not June. In fact, according to Mr. R. R. Petherbridge and Mr. W. A. R. Milson-Weston, of the Cambridge School of Agriculture, writing in *Agriculture*, most flea beetles spend the winter in places sheltered from the wind, in spinneys, copses, hedge bottoms, stack bottoms, under the bark of trees or in heaps of refuse. The less rubbish there is lying about a farm, the less trouble there should be with flea beetles—in theory at any rate. Tithing and the time of sowing are important control measures. A good firm seedbed that gives rapid germination helps the young plants to grow away from the beetle's attack. Generally, the earlier the sowing, or the later (after the end of May), the greater will be the chances of escaping attack. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE SEASIDE

ALTHOUGH enemy action within the British Isles has stopped so recently, a number of perplexing and troublesome matters for property owners and tenants has already arisen. One such problem, which has already been discussed in COUNTRY LIFE, concerns latent damage to structures. But the particular matter that begins to raise petitions and protests of an urgency and weight which the authorities cannot ignore is that of the position of householders and shopkeepers, and the proprietors of hotels, along the coast.

INADEQUATE "FIRST-AID" REPAIRS

The so-called "first-aid" repairs that have been carried out in many of the seaside resorts, are like those in London and suburban areas, generally inadequate. Things that may seem trifling, but are essential for comfort, have been left undone, and other points of evident importance, like roof repairs, have either not been touched at all or only in a manner suggestive of incompetence or indifference. Conversation with numbers of the repairers elicits the fact, genuinely deplored by the skilled and willing workers, that the excessively high rate of pay has attracted the unskilled and the congenitally lazy.

It is fair to say that many of the hurriedly recruited "builders" worked hard and well, but the quality of their work was often nearly worthless because they were set to jobs which only specially experienced men could do; and, in the matter of roof repairs, their inexperience was even less of a handicap than the lack of ladders and ropes. Of course, with the best will in the world, the emergency squads could not discover or cure what are really the vital items of damage to most houses in bombed areas. Shaken foundations and broken drains may not be discovered for a long while, and in thousands of instances will doubtless have to be remedied long after war damage has ceased to be paid.

FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT SPOILT

SO much for the state of the structures in many a seaside town, but the present outcry relates to more than that, namely, to the results of five or six years' progressive deterioration of whatever was left in the houses, and even to a great deal of what was removed and stored. It is common knowledge that, just as "some lodging-houses in Bloomsbury" were said by a former Duke of Bedford to provide him with funds for the upkeep and improvement of country estates, the lodging-houses in seaside towns yielded a living to their keepers and employment to other people and a profitable trade to the shopkeepers. Conditions to-day are such that few of the houses can be brought into remunerative occupation this year. Rents remain unpaid, rates are hopelessly in arrear, and business is at a low ebb. Deputations of dwellers in the seaside resorts have put their arguments before the authorities, without evoking any satisfactory assurances, and, now we are well into May, the hope of effective help being granted in time for the present year's holiday season seems to be vanishing. A great difficulty, apart from that of neglected premises, is the loss of impairment of furniture, and the impossibility of obtaining the textile materials needed in lodging-houses, and now the renewed fuel shortage adds to the obstacles to resumption of business. The financial

aid promised to individual sufferers is so far lamentably inadequate, though it is equipment rather than money that is required.

LARGE FARMS ARE SELLING READILY

REPORTS from local correspondents and estate agencies include news of substantial payments for large farms in five or six counties. Gloucestershire shows a successful offer of £12,300 for 266 acres in Westerleigh, near Bristol, and Kentish auctions, by Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons, include that of Court Lodge, West Farleigh, near Maidstone, 28 acres, for £8,000. The price obtained for a farm at Haughton, near Nantwich, of 120 acres, was £100 an acre. Hertfordshire farms, part of an extensive estate, near Berkhamsted, have been sold by Harrods Estate Offices, and at the moment, three or four, of which the details may be had from Mr. Frank D. James, manager of the Brompton Road agency, remain for disposal.

SMALL COUNTRY HOUSES WANTED

BUSINESS by private negotiation for country houses and up to 50 or 100 acres is brisk. A significant thing in the announcements of auctions of property in and on the outskirts of urban centres is the completeness with which lists are cleared. Only a trifling proportion of lots fails to reach their reserves, and a type of freehold especially in demand is the comparatively small house, almost, it might be said, the smaller the better, with a spacious garden. Not a great many such freeholds are for sale, and in one instance, according to a reliable correspondent, a little modern house in an acre of garden, having been suddenly vacated by a tenant whose duties called him to another part of the country, drew just over 30 offers of tenancy within a week of the removal. How the proposing tenants got to know about the house is a mystery, for no agents were notified. The irony of the position is that in strict compliance with the law, letting must be made at not more than the small rent that had been paid by the quitting tenant—another illustration, this, of the rent restrictions preventing an owner from getting the full and fair value of a property.

"WASTE" LAND AND WOODLAND

WHENEVER forestry policy is discussed there are sure to be vague assertions about a vast acreage of "waste" land which is supposed to be suitable for planting. In the debate on the Forestry Bill one Member estimated "waste" at 7,500,000 acres, and no comment was offered, either as to the accuracy or otherwise of the estimate, or as to the fact that by no means all land that seems to a layman to be "waste" is worth anything for afforestation. We are still far from having that precise information which ought to be available as to the character of the use of British land. If it were conceded that "waste" truly defines millions of acres, then it is high time for strong measures to be taken. If it is not true, then enough information should be in the possession of the authorities to enable them to counter exaggeration by declaring the facts. No better proof of the inherent limitations of the use of land can be inferred than that only 800,000 out of 1,300,000 acres, acquired by the Forestry Commission, between 1919 and 1939, were classifiable as suitable for forestry. ARBITER.



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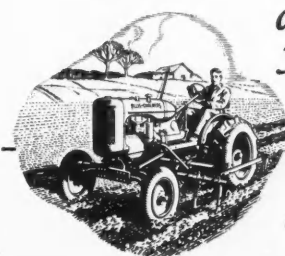
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NEW BOOKS

AN ARTIST IN WAR-TIME

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN (Mr. Churchill's cousin) has a life-sized figure of Buddha in a shrine built beneath some trees at her house, Brede Place. She has there also a beautiful ancient Christian chapel; and in this chapel she communes with the spirit of "Father John," a priest long dead.

These three facts suggest the sort of book one might expect from Mrs. Sheridan, and *My Crowded Sanctuary* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is indeed that sort of book. The contemplative content of Eastern religion, the more active inspiration of Christianity, and the wish (sanctioned by neither of them, so far as I know) to communicate with the spirits of the departed: all these find their place in the book and in the life which it records.

The third element of the book—the direct and lively conversations with people long dead, and even with the spirits of trees—is so beyond the range of my own experience, or even imagination, that I can do no more, before passing on to other matters, than indicate that it is here, that it clearly plays a large part, and a consoling part, in Mrs. Sheridan's life, and that she writes about it in a matter-of-fact and unselfconscious way.

A SCULPTOR

I need hardly remind readers that Mrs. Sheridan is a famous sculptor. In this book we are given the story of her two-sided life at Brede during the war: that is the physical life, with all the horror and disturbance that came to those living on the "bombing track," and the spiritual life that found both nourishment and expression in the mysteries of several faiths. The author speaks of the "Buddhist tendency" of her Christianity, and this will be found a vital and interesting element of the book.

It is not easy to practise the Buddhist doctrine of "non-attachment" to material things, and when you are the custodian of a lovely material thing like Brede Place, it all becomes most difficult. "The military" took over the house and Mrs. Sheridan lived in a small place built in the grounds. Thence she watched trees torn down and paths churned up, and precious shrubs butchered to make camouflage when common scrub would have done as well; and, crowning atrocity, paint being daubed on the stonework.

"I found a batch of men, supervised by a sergeant, busily painting the outer stone archway with primrose-yellow paint." Can you wonder that "non-attachment" failed to work? "I exploded like fireworks." (Elsewhere she tells us she was known as "the virago.")

A captain was summoned. It

appeared the scheme was to paint the inside of the porch, too: "small Tudor brick that would absorb the paint irretrievably." There followed this conversation:

"But why?"

"It's gloomy for the men."

"But the men don't live in the house; they live in the huts."

"They eat in the house."

"They don't eat in the porch."

"They have to go through it."

"Well—damn!"

Damn, indeed. What else was there to say? Mrs. Sheridan won that round, but she seems to have had a lot to put up with from the dense stupidity of "the military."

Mrs. Sheridan tells us of the life she made for herself in war-time: of her adventures in vegetable gardening, and in the keeping of cows, goats, rabbits and poultry. These were usually as disastrous as the accounts she furnished to the Milk Marketing Board. Boards of all sorts, I feel, are too much with us, but I sympathise with the chief accountant of this one. I understand the pain in his letter asking: "Would you kindly let us know as soon as possible how you arrived at these figures," the figures being $5 + 14 = 42$ and $5 + 14 = 84$.

MODELLING MR. CHURCHILL

Happily, Mrs. Sheridan was able to get on with her own sort of work. She tells of the building of a kiln for the making of clay figures, and how she carved out of an oak tree the beautiful "Lady of Brede," and how she made a clay model of Mr Churchill's head, working at the foot of his bed as he ate his breakfast, hid his eyes with spectacles and his face with the newspaper, distorted his mouth even at that early hour with a cigar, and twiddled his toes beneath the counterpane to amuse a Persian cat. "A most delectable cat," he called her, and expatiated upon her brain; 'not to be measured by ours, but a first-class brain of its kind.' The chapter devoted to this difficult sitter is a fine piece of affectionate rallery.

Mrs. Sheridan writes: "I admit to being completely irrational. I am not a 'Church' Christian. Perhaps because I am an instinctive anarchist, I resent all discipline, including that of the Church!" Hers is, indeed, a strangely liberal mind. Buddhism, Christianity, spiritualism, anarchism,

and even black magic, find niches in her crowded sanctuary. Her book may easily infuriate those who have made up their minds about everything.

When Brigadier Orde Wingate led his celebrated expedition into Burma in 1943 to harry the Japanese from behind their lines, the force was divided into several columns, each of which acted with more or less independence, subject

MY CROWDED

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THE CHINDWIN

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Bernard Fergusson
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to Wingate's general conception. One of these columns was commanded by Major Bernard Fergusson, who has now written a book about it called *Beyond the Chindwin* (Collins, 10s. 6d.). There have already been several books on this theme; I have read none better than Major Fergusson's. While the expedition set out as a series of columns, linked with India by radio and supplied from India by means of stores dropped from aeroplanes at pre-arranged places, it returned with the columns divided into small groups, with communication suspended, and with no food at all but what could be raised from the land. In these conditions, all depended on the corporate sense of the men in each small group, on loyalty, morale and their sheer will to go on.

SCARECROW SURVIVORS

In this which, above all else, comes out in Major Fergusson's record, it was a kind of warfare in which everything was bound to disappear by a process of attrition. Elephants, horses, mules, set out. What came back were nothing but some scarecrow men, starved, ragged, bearded, holding on precariously to their rifles and their lives.

Wild animals did not bother them. "I fancy it was a panther," the author writes once; but that was all on that side. "I never saw a snake the whole time." Insects were troublesome. The real perils, apart from the actual fighting with the Japanese, were the nature of the country and that constant inevitable wearing away of all that men normally count on, till, as I say, there was nothing left but a diminished number of men fighting the jungle.

In these circumstances, the leaders could permit no faintest fall-off in either efficiency or discipline. A captain from one column was reduced on the spot to the ranks. He was passed on to Major Fergusson's column and there "made good." He was almost at once promoted to sergeant, and when the party struggled back to India "on my strong recommendation he was restored to the rank of captain." The story of this officer is given in no more than a few hints and incidents. It fascinated me, and I could not help feeling that Conrad could have made something of it.

HARD DECISION

The decisions which circumstances at times forced upon the heads of columns, and later of groups, were heart-breaking. There was a moment when Major Fergusson's men had to cross a river. They were taken half-way in boats and landed on a sandbank. Then there were 70 or 80 yards to wade through a 4½-foot-deep boiling current that "sought to scoop the feet from under you and at the same time thrust powerfully at your chest. . . . If once you lost your vertical position, you knew as a black certainty that you would disappear down the stream for ever." And this in the black of night with the roaring of the water punctuated by the cries of men swept away. There came a moment when the sandbank was crowded with men too small or too frightened to go further. With dawn coming on, and Japanese in the neighbourhood, Major Fergusson had to decide what to do. "I sent across a message to say that I could give them only fifteen minutes more, and then I was setting out due east." The company that pushed on numbered nine officers and 65 men. Forty-six men were either drowned or left on

the sandbank. "I have it on my conscience for as long as I live; but I stand by that decision and believe it to have been the correct one."

FIRST COMMANDO RAID

Almost as soon as our armies had been landed from Dunkirk—to be precise, on the night of June 23-24, 1940—a Commando raid took place into the Pas de Calais. It was the first shot in the long battle that was quietly fought for four years—the battle that actually broke on the beaches of Normandy on D-Day.

All through those four years, with our own public at times critical, sceptical, impatient, and the public of our allies (when at last we had some) not less so, the plans were being built up. Major John Dalgleish was a member of the Planning Staff, and in *We Planned the Second Front* (Gollancz, 3s. 6d.) he lifts a corner of the veil that hid the intensive, tireless work of those years. "The long, elaborate, hyper-careful, detailed planning, such as never before has been attempted in the whole history of war, and is unlikely ever to be attempted again."

Here you see something of the unfolding of the plan, whose enormous scope had to concern itself on the one hand with practice exercises that covered the whole length and breadth of the country and on the other with the issue of buttons and the precise order in which men and goods would be placed in a landing-craft. From experiments with sea-sickness remedies and questions of the troops' washing to such dreadful contingencies as that 40 per cent. of craft might be lost on D-Day, all had to be considered, planned for and left, so far as possible, without a loose end anywhere. An eye-opening and clearly written little book.

ENGLISH COOKING

IT was in a French-Swiss *pension* that a French artist staggered me and horrified his compatriots by saying that he liked vegetables cooked in the English manner! M. André Simon, the President of the Wine and Food Society, makes no such assertion (except in regard to jacket potatoes), but in *Basic English Fare* (Gramol Publications, 5s.) he attempts to tell us what he, as a Frenchman (of wide gastronomic experience), considers the finest fare of the British Isles—a very useful service when it is so necessary to attract post-war tourist traffic to this country. M. Simon may be speaking literal truth when he says that he is not a cook, but such modesty will mislead no one who has encountered, personally or in print, his exhaustive and illuminating knowledge of the cookery of all countries. This little book, which may appear "ordinary" to a careless glance, contains "asides" of the greatest practical value. In what other cookery book will one find the information that for a successful mayonnaise sauce all the ingredients and the bowl must be of the same temperature and not too cold? This fact accounts for the excellent mayonnaise served in French country inns, where ice is unobtainable, in the hottest weather.

The recipe for beefsteak pie rather surprisingly includes layers of hard-boiled eggs, sliced; in my experience hard-boiled eggs are included only in veal and ham pies intended for the cold table. But how right is M. Simon in saying that steak and kidney pie should be made with rump steak; too often economy or war necessity prescribes gravy-beef which needs long cooking before the pastry is put on.

The gay cover and the cleverly-drawn chapter "heads" and "tails" give charm to this small volume.

HELEN MAY.

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HIGH SUMMER

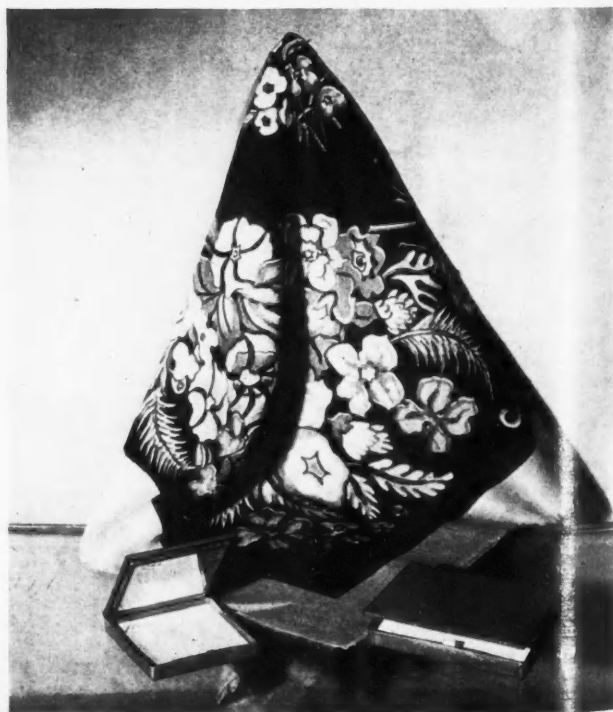
almost crude shade of a peasant shawl, in dazzling white or soot black. The jumpers mould the hips; some of them are so long, in fact, that they make the suit look almost top-heavy with their immense patch pockets set below the waist and buttons that are made from some of the new plastic materials and resemble chunks of metal, wood or leather. Skirts are slightly flared and four-seamed or straight with a deep inverted pleat in the centre front and back. Sleeves are elbow length or three-quarters as the two-pieces are jumper frocks rather than suits. There are also out-and-out tailor-mades in Moygashel, cut exactly like a woollen with a long moulded jacket and a two-buttoned fastening, made to be worn with a blouse. They are mostly in the pastel shades—honey beige, cinnamon, dove grey, ice blue. We have photographed a jumper suit from Dorville in a rayon that is so slub and heavy that it looks like a heavy pre-war linen. It is a very sophisticated suit—adaptable, as it looks smart with a large mushroom straw and town accessories, equally right with a peasant scarf and sandals in the country. Dorville make it in all the colours that throw up a tanned skin—turquoise, chalk white, a pale chalky pink, black. There is a charming hat that is a best seller. It is in a fine straw, has a flower-pot crown, a thick mushroom brim, quite wide, with butterfly bows of bright ribbon on the thick brim, and it is shown in

COOL-LOOKING striped cottons make some delightful *ingénu* frocks of the pinafore persuasion for hot days by the sea or in the country. The frocks have V-shaped apron tops outlined with frills like the Victorian pinafores in nainsook and white English eyelet embroidery, or square collarless yokes edged with a tiny ruffle and more ruffles on the pockets. Skirts are full and bunchy and the dresses fasten down the back. Materials are demure-looking zephyrs and shirtings and the dresses usually have tiny sleeves. Colourings are restrained, pale grey put with navy or plum, indigo blue or nigger with white, the stripes narrow and unpretentious and used horizontally for a narrow hem and waistband that ties at the back with streamers. The dresses altogether look like the illustrations of youthful heroines in Victorian story-books. Flowered frocks with scooped-out necklines and gathered tops are in soft crêpes, also definitely for young people, but their slim, flared skirts are absolutely contemporary.

There is another style of Summer frock that is for the sophisticated older woman as well as for the young girl. This is the Summer frock in a thicker material, plain coloured, usually a slub or hopsack rayon. These frocks are all of them tailored on simple lines and many of them are two-piece. Colours are in the brilliantly clear,

(Above) Tailored jumper suit in a thick slub rayon with scalloped edges, cinnamon, turquoise, sail red, black or in chalk white as photographed. Dorville

(Right) Wool square in the crude colours of peasant embroidery and two pigskin powder compacts. The White House





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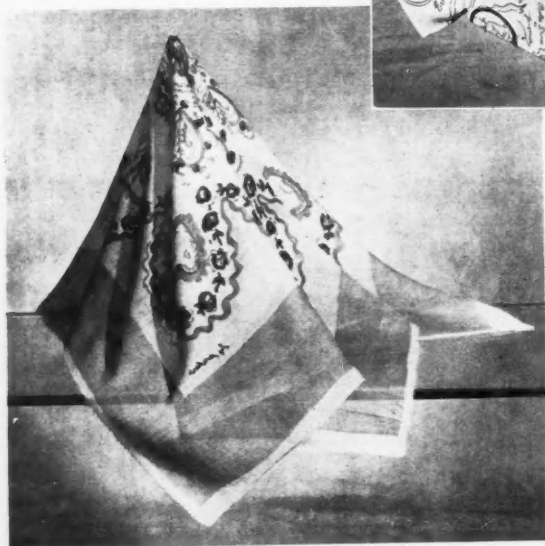
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white with cherry or emerald bows, in corn colour with lavender or cinnamon bows. It has been designed for these tailored jumper suits.

THE crude peasant colours used for Summer accessories are effective against the clean-cut lines of the tailored frocks and the pinafore and dirndl frocks in neat neutral combinations of colour. Sandals in bright peasant embroidery with wooden soles are matched by brilliant flowered squares in wool and cotton where smashing flower heads grow amid tropical foliage. Jacqmar's latest has brilliant rose-red poppies and ears of corn growing



(Above) Left: Rayon square by Jacqmar printed with miniatures, mixed pastel colours. Right: Fine cotton square, white design in bright colours. Marshall and Snelgrove

(Left) The finest, sheer worsted square in the world weighs 1½ oz. per square yard; bright peasant colours. Silkella

out of one corner of the sky-blue square. There are fine cotton squares in white on intense poster colours—red, blue or yellow—the white making a design of squirligigs,

waves or bars that looks as though it was done in brushwork. Fine rayon squares printed with oval miniatures in clear pastels on white are charming with white, pink or blue dresses.

New mackintoshes and raincoats are as gay as the other accessories of this Summer. Some of the smartest are reversible—red outside, yellow inside, with a hood to match. Others in a double-textured material with a satiny surface, green lined red, red lined creamy yellow, blue lined crimson. Both styles have built-up raglan sleeves. Off-white mackintoshes, practical strong coats, have raglan sleeves, are belted like a trench coat, cost from two to three pounds. Oiled cotton coats, proofed by a new process so that they are very pliable and light, take nine coupons only and are attractive. They are made in a military grey with navy blue facings to the detachable hood and a navy collar. Transparent oiled cotton capes are stiffer to handle, dashing in cream colour with a scarlet plaid lining to their hoods. Proofed West of England suitings at Harrods are made in herring-bone patterns, dark red and grey or blue and grey, with big pockets, and are in the belted style or hang straight from the shoulders. One of the new plastic materials has been used to make triangles that can twist into turbans over the hair for a shower. They have the appearance of being lacquered and come in the Chinese yellows, reds and blues associated with lacquer.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

Many readers of COUNTRY LIFE will spend holidays away from home this year. If they obtain their copy from a newsagent, may we remind them to let him know in advance whether they wish him to reserve it, cancel it, or post it to their new address; otherwise it may be allocated to the next person on his waiting list.



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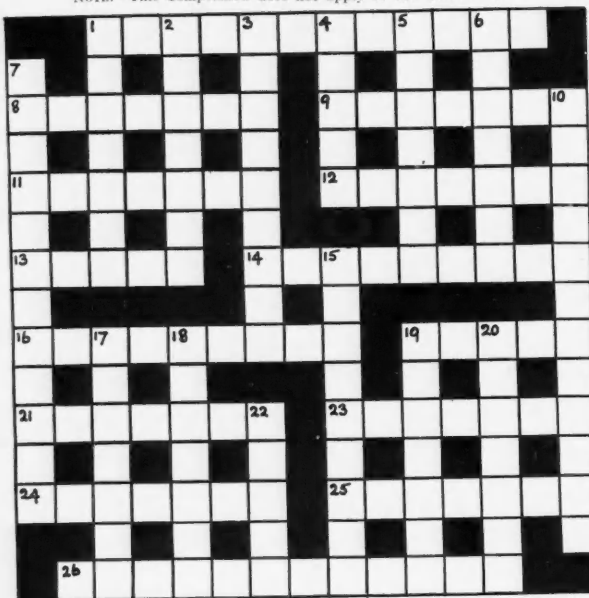
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CROSSWORD No. 799

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 799, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, May 24, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name..... (Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 798. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 11, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Haunted house; 8, Idled; 9, A dead leaf; 11, Auburn hair; 12, Seam; 14, Action; 15, Eggshell; 17, Immodest; 19, Mosaic; 22, Doll; 23, Dear Mister; 25, Extortion; 26, Trial; 27, Magnolia tree. DOWN.—1, Halibut; 2, Underwoods; 3, Trashy; 4, Deepings; 5, Odds; 6, Stelene; 7, Fit as a fiddle; 10, Family circle; 13, Associator; 16, Especial; 18, Militia; 20, Antoine; 21, Urania; 24, Wren.

ACROSS.

1. Kept by him who is 20 (5, 3, 4)
8. Rent's in! (anagr.) (7)
9. The sweep's hold-all (7)
11. Salt meat strewn about the Lido (7)
12. I'm no dog! (anagr.) (7)
13. Maybe the cargo shifts so because of the catalogues (5)
14. Nocturnal security in a bank (5, 4)
16. Where your neighbour lives (4, 2, 3)
19. Break past (5)
21. "The — of spirit in a waste of shame is lost in action."—Shakespeare (7)
23. Kipling said he was the son who trod a bitter road (7)
24. Bull-headed graduate? (7)
25. Calm down; in part it shows the donkey's antiquity (7)
26. *Vade-mecum* to tell me who I am (8, 4).

DOWN.

1. Kinds of Australian acacia (7)
2. As tired as such declamations make one (7)
3. Evidently not the cash that talks (4, 5)
4. Scented (5)
5. What Grandmamma knitted (4, 3)
6. Genus of plants for a bird's perch? (7)
7. Sir Joshua Reynolds desired this name to be the last word he pronounced in the Academy (12)
10. You can make fools of them, but they're not the Michaelmas bird's diet (12)
15. A painted butterfly may pass as such (5, 4)
17. Sword-shaped (7)
18. The strain is on ten (7)
19. "I will make a palace fit for you and me Of green days in forests and — days at —."—R. L. Stevenson (4, 3)
20. The watchdog is (2, 5)
22. Yawn provoker (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 797 is
Miss Showell-Rogers,
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